

Free To Think

A Novel

Wayne Douglas Weedon

Minnegaffe Edition

Table of Contents

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Acknowledgements:	vii
Preface	1
Introduction	3
How I Found the First Journal	5
The Journal	19
I Find the Second Journal	197

To Audrey

Acknowledgements:

Quotation from “The (New York) Sun” September 21, 1897
Editorial which is in the Public Domain, Page 75.

Quotations from “The King James Bible” which is in
the Public Domain, Pages 133, 34, 78 & 79.

Why did I not think?
Why did I not question?
Why did I not imagine?
Why did I take the trodden path?
What held me back from adventure?

I see a leash;
It is not visible to my eye.
It is the leash of habit
It is attached to the noose
Tightly wound around my neck.

I struggle for my freedom
But the leash holds tight
And the noose closes
Squeezing my flesh
Cutting my windpipe.

The memory comes back.
One holds me down.
Another stands over me;
He holds his cold, shrivelled, and sinewy fingers on my forehead.
I am fascinated with the invisible leash
And with the invisible noose
As it slips over my head

And I hear the words as they sound.
In the name of the father
And of the son
And of the holy ghost.

And I feel a pull on the leash.
As the cold liquid hits my forehead;
Washing back my thin hair.

Note to the reader: This is a poem that I found on a homemade book-mark that was in the journal.

Preface

Do we have the right to think? Do we have permission to think? The main character in this story discovers that if she is to take charge of her life, she must think and she must cut the tethers that have bound her brain.

As our heroine progresses through life, she experiences conflicts between her rational thoughts and her instinctive emotions. These conflicts are especially painful and disturbing when she first experiences a physical attraction to a member of the opposite sex. She learns that something releases strong powers in her when she intensely imagines what she wants. However, she also learns that rational thinking will protect her from getting into trouble. Be careful what you ask for is her lesson learned. She realizes that she must somehow control the conflicts between rational thinking and her desire for quick and easy gains. She must think before she leaps.

As she goes through life, she understands the compulsion and the need that people have for warmth and security. Oftentimes a group, which may be a community or another group bound by rigid beliefs, may offer metaphorical clothing to provide both warmth and security.

However, she sees how one may become so tightly bound in this clothing that they have no freedom.

Her discussion groups at Cambridge University bantered about many ideas and theories. One particular question stands out: *Is a gang by any other name still a gang?* One may refer to a gang as a gang of thugs, a gang of fanatics, or a gang that follows certain doctrines. When does a gang become a religion and when does a religion become a gang? For example, Thugs were originally a religious group who murdered for profit under the protection of the goddess Kali. Are some accepted religions still murdering for profit in a literal or metaphorical way?

Members of the Cambridge group bring many other questions forward, such as: *If a group of pirates goes through a metamorphous to become a monarchy, is the monarch a divine ruler?* Who may argue with the will of god? Many who have questioned divine rule have lost their heads. Is this a case of might is right? When a child is born, does that child have the ability to think? Does society subdue the thinking ability of that child by indoctrinating it into that society's religion and beliefs? With fences, chains and bars an oppressor may tether all of one's freedoms except for two, the freedom to think, and the freedom of choice. Man has learned that it is only through drugs or a lobotomy, that he may enslave these last two freedoms.

Our heroine feels caught between different societies and different beliefs. She seeks for something that she could believe in that feels right and good in her own mind. Is she successful in her search? Many questions continually go through our heroine's mind as she makes her journey through this novel trying to take control of her own destiny.

Introduction

I must explain to you the reader, that this is not my story. I did not write it. Quite by accident, two handwritten journals, along with several other handwritten items came into my possession. I have no means of ascertaining who wrote these journals that I am now publishing and I do not know if anyone will come forward, claiming to be the legitimate author of this story.

When I began reading the first journal, I found that I was compelled to continue reading. Not only did I find the story to be interesting, but also I found that I was having difficulties in comprehending the new ideas and possibilities. The first journal begins in May 1947 and ends in June 1948. However, the second journal does not begin until December 1948. Despite this time gap, there is a seamless flow between the two journals.

I asked several of my acquaintances to review the two journals. One stated that this story had an effect on him similar to Darwin's On the Origin of Species. Another stated that this story had changed his way of thinking—for the better or for the worse he could not tell but it did have an impact on him.

Until someone proves otherwise, I will look upon these journals as works of fiction and I am treating them as such. I realise that in many fairy tales and allegories, truths are apparent. I will leave it up to you, the reader, to decide if this story is purely entertainment or if you are able to see any lessons in them. At the least, I have found this story to be enjoyable and thought provoking. I hope that you find as much pleasure as I have in this work.

How I Found the First Journal

Several years back I purchased an older rooming house in the Point Douglas area of Winnipeg. During the last one hundred and thirty years, the Point Douglas area has changed from a very luxurious group of stately dwellings where some of the most prominent and wealthiest citizens in Manitoba lived, to a cluster of small dwellings for the poor and the immigrants who came to Winnipeg after escaping from their war- torn and impoverished homelands.

When I was taking possession of this rooming house, I made certain agreements with the previous owner. Because I felt that I was paying a very reasonable price for what I thought to be a sound investment, I did not argue with the previous owner's stipulations. One request the owner made was that a tenant who was living in a garret above the third floor should continue to live there, rent free, for as long as he wished just as he had been doing for many years.

To my knowledge, this recluse who lived in the garret never left his room, even though I knew that he must come down to the third level to use the washroom facilities. Old Tom, (I never knew his last name or anything

about him) spent hours in his tiny quarters doing who-knows-what. Whenever I climbed the steep, narrow steps to the garret to knock on and slowly open the door to this room, Old Tom was always sitting on a small stool peering out of the single tiny window in his room, which overlooks the front street. Despite several magazines, books, and papers scattered about; his room was always clean.

Whenever I would enter his room, Old Tom would look up. His steel grey, piercing eyes would flash a hint of green and brown in the sunlight as he gazed searchingly onto my face. A slight smile and an inquiring look would come to his face. He never spoke. I never knew if he even had the ability to speak.

What he ate or when he ate I never knew. Either he came down or someone else went up. Once, I kept vigil at the stairs to his room all day and I stayed up the whole night watching the little door that led up the staircase to Old Tom's room. I swear that I did not sleep. The next morning I was certain that no one had gone up or down the stairs throughout the whole day or night. In the morning, I rose from the hallway floor and quietly walked to the stairway door. I opened the door and I furtively crept up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, I knocked on the door leading to the garret. As I slowly pushed the door open, I could see that Old Tom was, as usual calmly sitting on his stool and watching the street from his little window. It wasn't until the disappearance of Old Tom that I came to know the secrets about his comings and goings.

The house that I purchased has approximately four thousand square feet of liveable space. It is a three-story solid brick house built on a granite foundation. The first owner built this house in 1882 on a small acreage. With the building of the transcontinental railway line through Point Douglas and the installation of the railway yards adjacent to this area,

the owner of this mansion, moved to a new house in Armstrong Point, which was, at that time, in the suburbs of this rapidly growing city.

The mansion's second owner subdivided the large lot into a number of small lots and built a group of little shanties to house the flood of immigrants coming to the boomtown of Winnipeg. In time, the mansion became a boarding house and in later years, a rooming house. When I purchased the house, not counting the garret where Old Tom lived, there were thirty-seven rooms along with a small suite on the main floor that consisted of a kitchen, a small three-piece washroom, a living room with a small dining table and a single bedroom. I moved into this suite.

The builder originally installed a coal-burning fireplace or a coal-burning stove in each room as well as a coal fired hot water boiler in the basement and cast iron radiators throughout the house. A subsequent owner removed and replaced the coal boiler with a smaller natural gas boiler. Over the years, false walls were built and the fireplaces, except one, which is the one in the living room of my suite, were covered over.

For quite a few years now, this rooming house has provided me with an income adequate for my meagre needs. Daily I have puttered around the house, slowly making improvements. When a tenant moves out, I completely refurbish the room. I replace the flooring and I repair and paint all of the walls and ceilings. In addition, I either repair or replace the windows. With my improvements and renovations, I began to get more stable and reliable tenants. I see to it that each tenant receives a rent rebate, just before Christmas; this is on the condition that they keep their rooms neat and tidy, live quietly, and do no damage to the building. My strategy has worked, as I am attracting better tenants.

It was when I was renovating one of the rooms when, behind a false wall, I discovered the first of several hidden fireplaces. Upon removing some of the plaster wall and lattice, I could see an original fireplace. Despite the dirt and cobwebs, I could make out a work of art with decorative brickwork and a ceramic tile face around the firebox. When I cleaned

the ceramic tile on the face and hearth, I discovered beautiful artwork. It appeared as if each tile had been hand painted with country and town scenes.

I called in a fireplace expert who advised me that the fireplaces in the house originally burned hard coal. He suggested that, because of their design, it would not be wise to burn any other fuel in them. He also stated that he could do a thorough inspection of the units and chimneys before I light fires in the fireplaces. Looking up from the front and back yards, we counted fifteen flues rising above the roof of the house. We easily identified the chimney for the gas hot water heating boiler since it has a steel liner and cap.

After I had exposed two fireplaces in the house, I calculated that there might be as many as twelve more hidden fireplaces. Should I expose them? My fireplace expert suggested that it would be safer not to use the fireplaces, although he did admit that there are many fireplaces, of similar age still in use.

It was while my fireplace expert and I were trying to count chimney flues that I became aware of three small unaccounted-for windows. There is one on each of the three levels of the house on a rounded turret on the left-front corner of the house. I did not remember seeing an entrance to this turret anywhere inside the house. The corner room on the second floor was at the time, vacant. After my fireplace expert left, I went to the vacant room to look for the turret. There is a rounded wall in the front corner of this room. I thought that the turret must be behind this wall. However, I could find no entrance.

Since I had a passkey to all the rooms, I checked the corner rooms on the first and third levels. I found a rounded wall on the front corner in each of these rooms, but again, there are no entrances to the turret. I was more than baffled. I thought to myself, "Besides fireplaces, what other surprises am I going to find in this house?" I took a mental note that I would eventually open up this turret wall to find out what is behind it.

As time went by, I decided that I would expose all of the fireplaces as the rooms became vacant. Whenever I would open up a wall that was covering a fireplace, I would discover that each one of the fireplaces is a work of art. Workers had buried all of the original brass and iron grates, screens and fenders along with the fireplace tools behind false walls. What a shame to cover up something so exquisite.

I sometimes wondered about the arrangements that the previous owner had made with Old Tom, but as time went by, I thought less and less about this quiet old man. My visits to the garret became more and more infrequent.

On my first Christmas Eve in the house, Old Tom started a yearly tradition. I was relaxing in my suite listening to seasonal music on the radio when I received a quiet knock at my door. I rose and opened the door to find Old Tom standing in the hallway facing me. This was the first time that I saw him not sitting in his garret. As he stood in front of me, I was quite shocked at how small he was. He was at least a foot shorter than my five feet ten inches and I am sure that he weighed no more than eighty pounds. Although his shirt and pants hung loose on him and his pant legs were rolled up several inches, his clothes were neat and clean. He was wearing plain blue serge pants with a red and yellow plaid shirt that sported two buttoned pockets. He wore elastic armbands to hold up his shirtsleeves. The sleeves were obviously too long for his small frame. He was cleanly shaven, even though I could tell that his facial hair was almost non-existent. I was so shocked upon discovering Old Tom at my doorway that I stood still with my mouth slightly open for what may have been an eternity. I finally snapped out of my trance and stepped back to let him enter.

As he walked across the threshold, Old Tom stretched out his hand, which gripped a brown paper sack. He motioned that I should accept this gift.

I took the bag and upon inspection of its contents, I pulled out a green glass hip flask of Scotch whiskey. I looked up at Old Tom who stood smiling benignly up at me. After regaining my composure, I motioned that he should sit down on a comfortable wing chair that stood under my floor lamp. I normally sit in this chair in the evenings when I read. It is the most comfortable chair that I own. As he sat down I placed the whiskey flask on the coffee table and I went into the kitchen, returning in a moment with two glasses. I placed the flask back onto the coffee table after I had poured an ounce or two in each glass. I picked up one glass and motioning for a toast, I blurted out, "And a happy new year to us all, everyone." Old Tom picked up the other glass and we took a sip together.

Every Christmas Eve, Old Tom would stay in my suite for no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. All during his visits, he said nothing. In addition, he never tried to speak to me. His only means of communication were a constant soft hint of a smile and the sparkling of his eyes, which seemed to change colour in different light. As I think back to those yearly visits, I remember looking him over. He always wore the same red and yellow plaid shirt that he neatly tucked into his loose blue serge pants. The sleeves were always held up on his arm by elastic armbands and rather than a belt, he would wear a pair of beige Police brand suspenders. He always wore a pair of intricately beaded moose-skin moccasins on his feet, which his rolled up pant legs partly covered. Repeatedly, during his stay, he would lift his glass and take a sip of the whiskey and then he would slowly replace the glass onto the coffee table. Always, when he drank the last of his whiskey, I would rise to re-fill the glasses and each time that I did this, Old Tom would quickly jump to his feet and hold the palm of his right hand towards me to show me that he wanted no more. He would then slowly walk to the door, shake my hand and let himself out.

Last Christmas Eve, as I sat on the couch directly across from Old Tom, I scrutinised him. I wondered how old he was. I quickly figured in my head, "I've been here close to fifteen years and he hasn't aged a day in

that time." He was small but spry and he moved effortlessly as if he was twenty-five or thirty years of age but as I looked at his lined and wrinkled face surrounded by grizzled hair, I guessed him to be no less than seventy years. I am sure, that if he were a bit tired and unshaven, some would consider his age to be at least ninety. I wondered to myself, "Who is this man and why did I agree to have him live in my garret free of charge?" I thought about how he has been bringing me a flask of whiskey each year for fourteen Christmases. "Where did he get this whiskey from since nobody seemed to go up or come down from his garret?"

As I now look back, I realize that in the nearly fifteen years that I knew Old Tom, I learned absolutely nothing about him. It has also occurred to me that during these years all the tenants that were living in this house when I had purchased it had left except for Old Tom. He was the only tenant that was still with me.

Except for his yearly Christmas Eve visit, I would never see Old Tom away from his room, and last Christmas Eve was the last time that I laid eyes on him. It was sometime near the end of February when my doorbell rang. Two men, with long, dark winter coats and wool scarves asked if they might step inside. I inquired who they were. They identified themselves as members of the RCMP (which is the acronym for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police). Even though I did not know what they were showing me, I felt that their credentials seemed valid so I stepped back and allowed them to enter. I led them to my living quarters. We stood just inside my suite by the door that led to the hallway from my living room. One of the police officers pulled a small leather portfolio from his inside coat pocket. From the portfolio, he withdrew a picture, which he showed to me. I immediately recognised Old Tom, albeit a much younger version of him. The officer asked me if I knew this man. I do not know why I lied. It may have been because through experience, I have learned not to fully trust anyone who is associated with enforcing the laws of the land. Also, I felt I should like to hear Old Tom's side of the story before I revealed his whereabouts to the police. I shook my head and stated that

I did not recognise him. I then asked if he had done something wrong. Neither man answered my question. The taller of the two asked me to have another look at the picture and to take my time. I again answered that I did not recognise the man in the picture. The pair scrutinised me. They said nothing, but in my mind, I was certain they were silently calling me a liar. The taller of the two spoke up again, "Would you mind if we speak to some of your roomers?" I told them that I did not mind and that they could talk to every one of my tenants if they chose to do so. However, I added, that at this time of the day, it was possible that none of them would be at home.

As we exited my suite, Jason, one of my newer tenants, was entering the house. The two police officers identified themselves to Jason. In answer to their question, Jason admitted that he lived in one of the rooms on the second floor. Jason was immediately shown Old Tom's picture. I was not surprised when Jason answered in the negative, that he did not know this man. Since Old Tom was so reclusive, I did not think that any of my current tenants had ever caught a glimpse of him. I suggested to the two police officers that if they should return around seven in the evening, most of my tenants would be at home.

After the two men left, I waited close to half an hour before going up the stairs to the garret. I knocked at the door and entered the small room. Nothing in the room seemed disturbed. However, I saw no sign of Old Tom.

The same two police officers returned that evening and again several times over the next few weeks. Each of my roomers answered questions about Old Tom in the negative. Nobody knew him. On at least one occasion, I saw the two police officers making inquiries at several of the neighbouring houses. I assume that nobody could recognise the man in the picture.

I admit that I am a little concerned about disclosing that I lied to the police. However, if it were so important for them to find Old Tom, why

would they not tell me why they wanted to see him? I think that they have more important concerns than to worry about my little white lie.

For the next few months, I periodically went up to the garret. Each time I found the room vacant. I found myself continually wondering where Old Tom was. I was surprised at how concerned I was about the welfare of someone that I had seldom seen and whom I knew almost nothing about.

Months later, on a sunny summer day, I finally admitted to myself that Old Tom would not be returning and I decided to clean out the garret. I did not wish to rent this room, as it is small, uncomfortable, and not very accessible. With the gabled roofs above, the ceilings are low and angled in such a way that it is difficult for the average man to stand up. Old Tom, being less than five feet tall, probably fared better in this room than most people would.

Because I felt there was still a remote possibility that Old Tom may one day re-appear as quickly as he disappeared, I decided to pack up his belongings and cart them down to the basement where they could be stored. It was when I was cleaning out Old Tom's room that I discovered the first journal.

While I was hauling down Old Tom's belongings, I remembered about my vow to find out what secrets the turret held. As far as I could tell, there was no way to get to the front corner of the house from Old Tom's little room. I checked all of the walls in the room but I could not find an entrance to the attic space. However, quite by accident, while I was reaching to the back corner of a closet, I could feel that the back wall of this closet was loose so I gave it several hard pushes with the palm of my hand. I could see that the board was loose at the top and at the bottom but something was holding it in the middle. I searched for a catch and suddenly the board swung inwards on a hidden piano hinge.

The opening through the closet is tiny. It measures about two feet wide and possibly five feet high. I am not a big man and I managed to easily step through it. When I came out on the other side, I found myself in a

much larger room than I had imagined. The ceiling is high enough to allow me to stand straight up and as I did so, aided by my flashlight, I could see that the walls are nicely finished with tongue and groove cedar boards painted with yellow enamel. The room has linoleum covering the floor with neatly arranged chairs, sofas, and tables with lamps. I noticed a light switch and when I flicked it upwards, the whole room was lit up. I proceeded through a doorway where I discovered another light switch. When I snapped on this switch a ceiling light illuminated to reveal a complete kitchen that had a refrigerator and a small electric range. In addition, off the kitchen, there is a functional washroom with a sink, toilet, and a smaller bathtub. Obviously, someone had been living here. I now knew why there was little need for Old Tom to venture down the stairs from his garret.

When I left the kitchen and went back to the sitting room, I noticed that in one corner there is a rounded wall. I recognised this to be the top of the turret. On this wall is a wooden door. When I opened the door, I found the top landing of a winding wrought iron staircase. I realized that this stairway must exit somewhere down below and I knew that I found a secret priest hole that Old Tom would have used to enter and leave the house. In addition, I now realized that this was how food and beverage came to Old Tom's garret. I imagined that Old Tom must have had some confederates who would come and go by this stairway. Now I wondered what Old Tom's game had been and what were his secrets? Why were the police looking for him? My curiosity was greatly aroused.

I descended the winding staircase and I found that it leads down to an underground passageway. Using my flashlight, I walked along this passageway and discovered that it leads to a trap door in the floor of a brick carriage house that is some twenty or twenty five feet from the main house. The carriage house, which matches the main house, was so solidly built that I do not think that anyone would ever think of demolishing it. For many years, it has been used as a gardening and storage shed. The double doors for bringing horses and carriages in and out have been

nailed shut and the one single entrance door is unlocked. I now understood how Old Tom and his confederates came and went as they pleased. I now wondered if there had been someone living with him in the rooms adjacent to his garret room.

It was while I was cleaning out the hidden sitting room that I found the first journal. At least it appears to be someone's journal or diary. Beside a very comfortable easy chair is a wooden Queen Ann style end table with a sliding drawer in the front. Inside this drawer, I found the first of two journals that I am now sharing with you, the reader. My first discovery is a notebook bound in heavy brown leather with quite heavy, rough pages. It measures eight inches wide, ten inches high, and nearly an inch thick. A few of the first pages are missing. Possibly, this is why there is nothing to identify who the author of this journal is.

Was this Old Tom's journal? I closely examined the handwriting, which is exquisite. Whoever wrote this has nicely scripted writing that slants pleasingly to the right. It seems to me that, by the appearance of this fine hand, this journal was in all likelihood written by a woman. However, I did recall several small-framed men I knew who write with a feminine hand.

I packed up and carried many boxes to the basement. However, I kept a few of Old Tom's books that I was very interested in reading. I took these books along with the first journal back to my suite with the intention of reading everything during my quiet evenings.

When I leafed through the first journal, I came across a poem, handwritten on heavy cardstock. I found this poem to be pertinent to the story so I included it at the beginning of this book. As I started to read the journal, I became more and more fascinated with it. I started reading in the evening and I became so interested in the tale that I read until morning in order to finish the book. I keep telling myself that this is all a work of fiction. The events are much too improbable. However, when the author speaks about real historical people, it is easy to believe that the author is

speaking from real life. However, because the author has painted these historical people in a different light than history has presented them, one tends to look at these people differently and one reciprocates between questioning the veracity of the author and the truth about history, as we know it. If I professed to believe some of the things that this journal states, some people might think me to be mad. Yet, I wonder if I would consider myself mad if I did not believe what is in this journal.

I have shown the two journals to several people that I know and I have asked for their opinion of this work. One of these people asked me if they could keep the journals for a few weeks. When he returned them, he stated that he felt that they were the genuine article. Another friend, Neil MacDonald who was born in 1913 and has lived a full an adventurous life, said that he personally knew who the heroine of the story is. However, he believes that she died after leaving Canada. He stated that he was certain that he could verify everything in the journals. I have known Neil for over thirty years. He has been my friend and mentor and I have no reason to believe that he is being anything but truthful and honest with me. At his advanced age, he is still healthy in mind and body, living in his own home by himself.

I do know one thing. Whenever I have experimented with the formulae given in these journals, I have had positive results. By using the methods described, I always achieve what I wish. In addition, whenever I decide to manipulate things so that certain events will manifest, these events have always transpired just as I had imagined. Are these all coincidences? Some people with whom I have confided in believe that these are definitely not coincidences.

On the following pages is the first journal in its entirety just as I found it as well as a second journal that I later discovered. With the first journal, as I stated, the first few pages are missing. However, except for these missing pages, everything that is in the journal is in this book including the poem from a small bookmark.

Our heroine has secrets for obtaining everything that you wish for in life. Unbelievable as it may seem her secrets seem to work. However, I found the same formulae in an old audio recording from around 1950 titled The Strangest Secret and narrated by Earl Nightingale who claims that this secret is thousands of years old and is actually not a secret since thousands know these formulae.

The Journal

Note to the reader. I have included the first line from the original journal. You may wonder, as I have, what is on the preceding pages. Also of note, the writer dates the first entry as May 16. The year is not indicated; however, as we read we come to realise that this journal begins in 1947.

too softly for anyone to hear as I went quietly from her room.

May 16

As I was quietly sitting in the shadows watching her, the sun started to rise. As the sun grew higher on the horizon, it flooded the kitchen with light from the window where she was sitting. The sun's glare prevented me from seeing her clearly. The sunlight surrounded her face, silhouetting it like a halo. Her appearance was that of a sun god. Sitting upon a straight-backed wooden chair, she leaned over the square maple table where I usually eat my meals. Her arms and elbows rested on the table

with her hands together and her fingers intertwined as if she was in deep thought or prayer. She rested with her eyes softly closed. She never stirred as the sun started to send its rays through the window and onto the opposite wall. When full daylight came over the room, she opened her eyes, unclasped her hands, and quietly reached for the string on the green roller blind. She drew the blind down to shield her face but the rays still highlighted her arms and hands. It was hard to make out her facial features because of the shadow from the blind.

With her right hand, she reached across the table. From a bowl, she gently picked up a ripe avocado. With a slight smile on her lips that indicated her delight, she brought the avocado up to her face. As the fruit lightly touched her cheek, she softly caressed her skin with it. Certain cultures refer to this fruit as a “bull’s testicle”. By the shape of this fruit and the texture of its skin, one could easily understand why the avocado would have this moniker. She, however, always referred to the avocado as butter from a tree.

With her hand movements, the ripe fruit softly caressed her neck, cheeks, and lips and then she drew it up to her nostrils so she could sniff at it as she ran her tongue over the rough skin. It was if she was making love to the fruit. Smilingly, she placed the avocado onto a plate just in front of her bosom. She held the fruit with the stem side up, and gently slipping a knife into its skin, she pushed the knife down until it hit the stone and then she turned the fruit up and around so that the knife blade sliced it in half. Turning the avocado one quarter turn, she repeated her actions so that she now had sliced the fruit into quarters. Picking the fruit up with both hands, she gave it a sharp jerk to break the meat from the stone. She then turned it a quarter turn and repeated this action. She pulled outwards and ended up with four separate pieces on the plate with the stone still attached to one segment. Grabbing the stone with her finger nails and the segment that it was attached to with her other hand, she gave a sharp twist and the stone popped away from the meat.

She stretched out her hand slightly and gazed at the stone, which still had bits of the fruit clinging to it. She moved the pit to her mouth and slowly, deliberately, sucked on it while rotating the stone until she had scraped each part of it with her teeth and sucked it clean. For some reason I found her actions to be very sexual. I imagined the stone to be a man’s body part. Even though, I believe, she is past her childbearing years, she still has a sexual effect on men. Her movements are provocative and many men find her charms irresistible. I now felt a little stirring in my crotch and found my breathing to be somewhat laboured. I ran my eyes over the silhouette of her body from top to bottom. Even though I am certain that she is past menopause, she still has the soft curves on her hips along with the rounded buttocks of a virginal bride.

She removed the object of her delight from her sensual lips and placed it upon the plate. She then picked up the four avocado segments, one at a time. She proceeded to peel the skin from each one of them. She placed the skins to the side of the plate, close to the stone. The bare segments she placed side by side on the opposite side of the plate. She now began inserting her fingers into her mouth, one at a time. She sucked each finger slowly and deliberately until she had licked every one of them clean but each one was still shimmering with wetness. I imagined these fingers to be hot and delightful. Finally, she picked up a napkin and wiped her fingers and then she wiped her mouth slowly and sensually. I longed to jump up and take her. I was mesmerised. Was she aware that I was in the shadows watching her performance? My answer soon came.

She now, with a fork, picked up a segment of the fruit, which she laid across a piece of dry toasted bread. Using the back of the fork, she mashed the fruit onto the toast. When she was satisfied that she had spread the meat evenly and to her satisfaction, she slowly raised the toast to her parted lips and deliberately bit off a very small bite. She chewed, with her mouth closed, slowly and lovingly as if she wanted to savour every particle. After several bites, with a look of sheer

enjoyment and satisfaction on her face, she, very softly and slowly, said something. I could not make out what she was saying. I sat mute and unable to move. She repeated her words a little louder. I thought that she said something about, “unt and lather”. I wondered what she was saying. I silently watched her as she slowly turned and while smiling ever so slightly, she looked at me, indicating that she knew that I was there.

Note to the reader. After I had read this far, I was certain that the author of this journal was not Old Tom. This quiet and reticent man showed nothing sexual or romantic in his nature. I was now positive that he had obtained this diary from someone else. However, I wonder who that person is.

“Hunters and gatherers.” She repeated in a very distinct manner.

At first, I said nothing. I was still hypnotised by her performance. Finally, with a jolt, I recovered. “Pardon me?”

“Hunters and gatherers. That is what these barbarians have called us.” She must have recognised the puzzled look on my face since she carried on with her soliloquy. Holding up a whole avocado she asked, “Where do they think that this came from?” Seeing that I was not about to answer her, she went on, “I can tell you that it just didn’t pop up out of the jungle.” She held the fruit forward silhouetting it in the morning light. “This was cultivated over hundreds of years by the world’s most advanced civilisation. The ancestral people of the Americas developed it. It was developed by your forefathers.” She pointed the fruit towards me.

I know very little about my ancestors. Least of all I don’t have any idea who my ancestors were. I know that I am of mixed race. But, am I more barbarian than civilised? Who were my civilised and my barbarous ancestors?

She decided to carry on. “When London England, which was considered to be the largest city in the world, had a population of thirty-five thousand citizens or less; we, in the Americas, had cities with populations of exceeding two hundred thousand that were marvels of sanitation, having running water and sewers. At the time, at least eighty percent of the population of Europe were homeless while in the Americas virtually every person had some form of roof over their head. Most had more than one dwelling since temporary housing was necessary. Seasonal migration between the north and the south was normal for much of the population.” At this point, she gave a slight snicker. “It appears that we have come full circle. Many Canadians venture south for the winters just like our ancestors. But, our ancestors are referred to as nomadic people while modern Canadians are referred to as *having a winter residence*.” Because of the bright sun behind her, I could not make out the expression on her face. I knew that as long as I remained silent, she would continue as she usually did. “I visited one of the last remaining cities built by the original peoples. I visited Machu Picchu, which even today, to the barbarians is an engineering marvel. They admit that they could not duplicate this city. How did our people build terraces so that there would be intricate drainage systems that allow the torrential rains to percolate through the terraces while holding back enough water for the benefit of the plants but not allowing erosion of any of the terraces? The barbarians who came to butcher and conquer could not duplicate this city even with the knowledge that they have stolen from the many civilisations that they have conquered. Their philosophy is might is right. They come, they take the very best, and they destroy the rest.”

She remained silent for a long period. I sat motionless so that I would not disrupt the electrical feeling in the air. My objective was to learn as much as I could from this woman and I was adamant that I would learn, even if it meant sitting in silence until she revealed her secrets in her own good time.

Who am I? Was I not descended from these *barbarians*, as she so justifiably called them? It is true that I am descended from the original American people but it is also true that these barbarous conquerors have corrupted my blood. Then again, she is a *Half-Breed*, just as I am.

Eventually she found her voice again. "I talked to a psychiatrist once." Silently, I leaned forward so as not to miss a single word. I knew that if I spoke, even to acknowledge what she said or to ask her to repeat what I did not hear or understand, the spell could be broken and she might indicate that the session was over. "This psychiatrist had spent four years in a Nazi concentration camp, but he survived. He learned how to survive. He wrote a book about his experiences." She paused as if in a reverie but soon continued. "He stated that he was happy that he went through this ordeal. It made him a better person and a better psychiatrist. He quoted Sir William Osler. *'If you haven't gone through it, you don't know'*. This psychiatrist often quoted this line because he went through it. He understood."

She leaned back silently putting her hands behind her head while she calmly stated. "I was a barbarian once." This was it. She was about to tell me the secret that we could not talk about. This was the reason that our people were butchered, tortured, and sometimes lobotomised. She was about to talk about it. I know about this secret. I know that the tribe does not allow anyone to talk about it outside of the closed, exclusive circle but I know very little about it. She was about to take me into this circle. I felt that she was accepting me. I felt joy. What was she going to tell me? I silently waited.

"You are privileged to inherit the world that you have created. But, remember that you are also condemned to inherit the world that you have created."

Was this a paradox? Was she talking in riddles? I could not understand it. Forgetting myself, I started to speak. The spell was broken. She

jumped up and almost shouted. "I have things to do," as she left the room.

I wanted to kick myself. What do I have to do to become intimate with this woman and why does she have such a hold on me? Is it animal desire or is it because it's a challenge? Would I still feel the same if we ever consummate our relationship?

Note to the reader. After reading this far I became compelled to learn who wrote this journal and whom this woman is. Why is this man so deeply attracted to a woman who is past menopause? Is she that seductive?

May 17

She has caused quite a stir since she first arrived here three years ago. She is not a status Indian but somehow she has managed to spend a lot of time on the reserve for most of the last three years. It is rumoured that she has great influence in Ottawa. I believe this, since Indian Affairs usually would not allow anyone to do the things that she has been doing. When she first arrived three years ago in early spring, she immediately moved in with Mrs. Letandre who lives across the road from the reserve just down from me. It is rumoured that she and Mrs. Letandre are related, but she has never confirmed this. Mrs. Letandre, I am sure, appreciated her arrival since Mrs. Letandre is a widow who has lived by herself ever since her children all moved to Winnipeg. Not long after she arrived, she hired Noah Thomas to help around Mrs. Letandre's house. He works in the garden, cuts wood and does various tasks about the property. Apparently, she has a lot of money. I believe this because she never hesitates to spend.

At first, she was continuously on the reserve. Some say that she is always meddling while others say that she is a great help. Either way, there has been no end of changes since she has arrived. Other than being a Half-Breed from somewhere in Western Canada, who is she?

At first, the Indian Affairs people gave her a bit of a hard time, especially when a barge full of building materials arrived on the reserve. Indian Affairs apparently knew nothing about these supplies until they were deposited on the shore of the lake. Things have eventually settled down. The Elders announced that she would be building a community hall. It was rumoured that she told Indian Affairs that if they did not allow her to build the hall on the reserve, she would build it across the road on private property.

Mrs. Letandre's son, who is a journeyman carpenter, arrived from Winnipeg. He, along with several of the local men on the reserve whom she hired, erected the hall. The next surprise was that she told everyone that the hall would be wired for electricity. This is the only building on the reserve that has electrical power. A wind driven generator was installed along with a bank of batteries that were laid out in a little mechanical room at the side of the hall. She stated that the system is thirty-two volts, which apparently is the standard voltage for these types of generators. I have never heard of such a thing but she told me that appliances rated for thirty-two volts are readily available since these wind generators are quite common throughout rural areas of North America. Indeed the little kitchen in the hall is equipped with an electric toaster and an electric eggbeater that both run on thirty-two volts. The people think that it is quite a novelty to be able to turn on lights with the flick of a switch.

This year, her biggest surprise arrived. I find it to be the most unbelievable gadget that I have ever seen. It's called a Magnetophon. It has two big spools with fine tape running between them. With the use of a microphone one may record sounds and then play them back over speakers. She assigned Noah Thomas to run this thing for her with the idea that any meetings in the hall could be recorded and played back.

Note to the reader. My curiosity was greatly aroused when I first read the above passage. I have now read both journals entirely and I found that the author never refers to our heroine by name. I keep asking

myself why he doesn't and who is she. Also, I am compelled to know who the author of these journals is. His name is never mentioned.

I have looked into these thirty-two Volt generators and I found that they were quite common throughout North America before the rural areas were electrified with 110 Volt AC power.

May 23

The Elders have organised meetings in the hall. They wish to resurrect an old tradition of regular gatherings and everyone agrees that we should meet on a weekly basis, at the least. The Elders told us that they would conduct these meetings according to our traditional ways. There is some confusion as to what our true traditions are. Who is to know which traditions have come from foreign influences and which ones have not? In addition, how are we to decide which foreign influences are to our benefit and which ones are not? Through much dialogue, we decided that we would make decisions on how to proceed with the meetings as our meetings progressed. Nobody protested that she and I would be at the meetings even though we are not status and we are actually living off the reserve. Mrs. Letandre was told that she is welcome to attend the meetings as well.

We agreed to follow certain rules at our meetings. First, we agreed that what happens in this circle remains in this circle, and we will be very cautious about what we say outside of this building. Secondly, everyone will have a chance to speak without interruption. In our traditional manner, we will circulate a talking stick. We will allow the person who holds the stick to speak without interruption. When one finishes speaking, they are to pass the stick to the next speaker. Anyone who wishes to speak will make a sign to the head Elder who will act as the Speaker. The Speaker will indicate who will be next to have a voice. Finally, we agreed that everyone at the meeting is equal, regardless of gender or age.

As things got started, I surveyed the room. It immediately became apparent that there were no people in the hall between the ages of five to possibly sixteen or seventeen years of age. We all felt that the students from residential school should be here. Everyone agreed that the students should, at least, be able to return home during the summer. In the towns, the students have no school during July and August. People want the Indian children to be treated the same. We know that this will not happen, as there is still much farm work for them to do during the summer. We have no choice but to continue without our youth being present.

For most of the meeting, only the middle-aged people spoke. Mostly, they talked about their experiences at residential school and the concerns that they now have for our youth, who we know, are experiencing the same ill treatment. As the meeting progressed and more people spoke, it became obvious that people increasingly were more willing to relate their stories. Once the ice had been broken, the floodgates opened. There were many tears in the room but most people seemed emotionless. I became aware that some of the people were sitting, without movement, while tears ran silently down their cheeks. There seemed to be a great feeling of sadness in the room.

Peter Starr had been sent to residential school when he was eight or nine years of age. His family lived a traditional way of life far in the bush. One year, when the authorities came to round up children, Peter and his parents happened to be in town. After four or five years at school, Peter escaped and made his way back home. He went straight to his family's cabin on Black Island. This cabin, like the one they have on the mainland is deep in the bush. Peter never went back to school and he is one of the few people younger than fifty who has the ability to converse fluently in his traditional Native tongue. Most of the group cannot understand much of what he is saying. If sign language had not been outlawed and forgotten, this would be a good time to use it, since

Peter speaks very hesitantly in English. Peter only spoke briefly before he passed the stick.

Tom Anderson caressed the stick as he held it. He, unlike the others, stood as he spoke. He surveyed the room as he ran his hand along the polished tree branch. Finally, he spoke. "Why should we wallow in mud like a pig when we can choose to soar above the clouds like the golden eagle?" It was evident that not everyone in the room knew to what he was referring. The older ones did but the younger ones only know what society has taught them. Tom went on. "We never talk about our traditional knowledge and beliefs. Why is this? It is because we were tortured and punished for having these thoughts. We have been told that we are somehow crazy and that we are somehow possessed." He paused and again surveyed the circle of his fellow people. "Many of us were put into insane asylums when we expressed our adventures. Some even had part of their brains removed." Again, he stood looking at every face in the hall as he slowly rotated his gaze around the circle. "Today, we are sitting in a circle, just like many of the world's leaders do. Did we learn this form of communication from them? To communicate by sitting in a circle, so that one may see and hear every person in attendance. No, these outsiders have learned this method of holding a meeting from us. We have always sat in a circle, in a roundhouse and they have copied our method of allowing each person to speak uninterrupted. This has always been our way."

Note to the reader: Do you wonder as I do if this Tom Anderson could be the Old Tom of my garret? The journal's author does not give us very much information about this man.

May 30

The Speaker looked around the room and seeing no volunteers, he suggested, "We have in our midst today a woman who has provided us with this building. She has experienced the freedom to travel in their

world and has known their way of life. She has the right to comment. Let us hear from her. Let us hear her tale.”

Like Tom Anderson, she stood up to talk. “I have been saddened by the stories that I have heard here, in this hall. For a short time, I too was at residential school. I too was enslaved by these godless creatures.” Every person in the audience, even the young pre-school children sat silent. Nobody showed shock or any other emotion as she related her blasphemous diatribe. “They came here and told us that god created man in his own image and that god is a white man. We know that the opposite is true. These white men have created a god in their own image and they expect us to believe in this god of theirs.” As Tom did, she slowly and silently surveyed the room while rubbing her hand gently along the well-worn stick. She waited so that what she said had time to sink in. “These nuns, priests and other members of the order profess to believe in god. But, let me ask you a question. If they really believed what they preach, would they act in the ways that they have acted? Would nuns slip probing hands under the sheets to rub innocent children’s genitals? Would priests impregnate our young daughters? Would they beat children until they are comatose and dying? Would half of the population of a school die from malnutrition and disease in the course of one winter? The answer to these questions is no. If these people really believed in what they have preached, they would not do these things. They would be afraid to be condemned to hell. These people are atheists. They are godless. In addition, to make matters even more intolerable, they have taken our beliefs away from us. We see the falseness and the hypocrisy in their way but we have nothing to replace these false beliefs. Our beliefs are no longer in our heads and in our hearts.”

We all sat in silence. Minutes passed by but nobody moved. Suddenly, I became aware of a gentle growling purr in the distance. It was an aeroplane. The Beaver was coming with the mail. Normally, with that sound everyone would jump up and run to the bay so that they could

watch the floatplane land on the water. This time nobody seemed to hear the sound. We all sat in silence.

She continued her soliloquy. “At one of our meetings Tom alluded to our forbearers’ beliefs. He spoke of soaring with the eagles. We have forgotten how to do this. Why have we forgotten? It is because a people who have enslaved us, have filled our minds with garbage so that there now is no room for the truth.” Again, she paused to allow us to digest what she had said. Slowly her eyes went from person to person. I felt, as I am certain everyone else did, that she was aiming her words straight at me. “We are led to believe that this god that they tell us about is universal. In truth, most people in this world have never heard of their god, their Jesus Christ or their Bible. The majority of the people in this world have a belief in the transmigration of souls. For generations our people have known that souls seek a new body to dwell in when this body expires. Most people in this world agree with us, but these enslavers have outlawed our beliefs and have punished us for not agreeing with what they preach. They have condemned our beliefs because they are not, in their opinion, pontifical. In our traditional beliefs, there are no dogmas but we do believe that everyone has the right to imagine and to think without interference or criticism. Why have we allowed them to take our traditional beliefs away from us?”

“In the laws of this land, we, the native people, are officially “wards of the Crown”. Translated into common English, we are, in their affirmations, children who are unable to handle our own affairs or to think for ourselves. Our forbearers believed that people must do two things to obtain happiness and contentment. First, they must imagine and secondly, they must think. Our enslavers have taken away our freedom to do either one of these acts.”

“Now, because of this continual oppression, most of us have lost hope. We have lost our ability to imagine and they took control of our thinking. The continual oppression in the residential school system seems to

have successfully accomplished their goals by extinguishing the hope in our hearts and subduing our ability to think.”

We agreed that from now on we would talk freely about things that our oppressors have banned. I know that, as in the past, we will not be able to discuss things in the open. We are still wards of the Crown and like any slave; we have the choice either to follow certain rules or to suffer the consequences.

Note to the reader: I cannot help but wonder why does the journal's author does not give us this woman's name? Possibly, he is concerned about the embarrassment he would feel if someone should come across his secret journal.

June 6

Today, she spoke again and it was apparent that everyone wanted to hear her story. The meeting had already lasted over an hour before the stick went to her. She stood silently as she surveyed the crowd before she proceeded to talk.

“When I was five years old, I went to residential school. It was not pleasant. I will not go into the details. It would only be a repetition of what we have heard over the last several weeks. The authorities have repeatedly swept their actions under the carpet and they will continue to sweep until there are no more people left alive who remember. They will have reached their goal when everyone who remembers is dead. The Allied forces are now putting Nazis in Germany on trial for war crimes. They are putting some of these Nazis to death. When Britain and her allies condemned Adolph Hitler, he answered this condemnation by asking the world if anyone can honestly say that he is doing anything differently than any other conquering nation has done. The answer to this question would, of course, be no. Adolph Hitler, even to this day as he enjoys his new life in South America, thinks of himself as a good Catholic. Good Christian countries such as England, Spain,

Portugal, France, and the Vatican have done no differently than Hitler's Germany, which is another 'good Christian' country. In all of the countries mentioned, people have been murdered, raped, tortured, and robbed of their freedom and belongings. All of these conquerors have professed that they are 'good Christians'. Besides avarice, a hunger for power, and a lust for blood, what were these people's justifications for their crimes against fellow human beings?”

She bent down and picked up a book. From its shape and limp leather binding with faint gold lettering, I recognised this book to be the Bible. She rested the spine of this book on one palm and let the pages fall to either side so that the book lay open on her hand. She flipped a couple of pages and then began to read.

And they warred against the Midianites, as the LORD commanded Moses; and they slew all the males. And they slew the kings of Midian, beside the rest of them that were slain; namely, Evi, and Rekem, and Zur, and Hur, and Reba, five kings of Midian: Balaam also the son of Beor they slew with the sword. And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles, with fire. And they took all the spoil, and all the prey, both of men and of beasts. And they brought the captives, and the prey, and the spoil, unto Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and unto the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the camp at the plains of Moab, which are by Jordan near Jericho.

And Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and all the princes of the congregation, went forth to meet them without the camp.

“That is just a sample of the war monger of a god that is in this book. Is there anyone here who has read this book, who still believes in god? I have read this book, and the quote that I have given you is just a small sample of how this god has ordered 'his people' to treat their enemies,

as well as any non-believers. Do we want this kind of god? I, for one find much more comfort in my forbearers' beliefs."

With her fingers, she snatched a number of pages and flipped them back. She started to read again.

So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword.

"According to the Bible, god had commanded that the proceeding act of genocide be committed. Let me repeat that." She then shouted. "God had commanded this act of genocide!" She surveyed the audience. The room was dead silent.

After several minutes, she resumed her talk. "Has anyone taken the time to read this book, or do we just soak in what has been fed to us? What instruction does this book give to our church leaders, and do they follow these instructions?" Again, she snatched a number of pages and flipped them back. She then began to narrate.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

She looked up from the pages. "What is Jesus saying? He tells the people to pray privately. If all Christian followers adhered to the Bible, there would be no houses of worship. Why don't your church leaders tell you this?" She paused and looked around the room before she

resumed. "I suggest that each and everyone in this room should read this book. You should all be aware of what is in between the pages. How do our church and government leaders have the audacity to ram this down our throats and then condemn our beliefs and our legends, which are a lot more plausible and humane than this? I can tell you why they do. It is because it is to their advantage to use this book. They preach divine right and they use the Bible to promote their preaching. They declare that their kings have the divine right to rule and that they have the divine right to conquer. I say unto you, there is no divinity so how can they have a divine right?"

"What is more improbable? Is it more improbable for me to climb up to the top of a mountain and personally speak to a god or for me to enter into an eagle's body and soar over a mountain?"

The secret is out. It is a secret that most find hard to believe. Do we have the power to leave our body and soar with the eagles or is this just a myth? When I asked her about this, she just smiled but she would not give me an answer.

Note to the reader. I have spoken to people who have had near death experiences. These people claim to have floated above the medical staff to watch them trying to bring them back to life. Did their soul leave their body?

Other people have described to me, in strict confidence, their out of body experiences when they have willed their souls to leave. Are they insane?

I checked the Bible and I found that all of her quotes are correct. Who may criticise her for telling the truth? I don't know about you but I now see the Bible in a different light.

June 10

Yesterday evening we had tea together. I am beginning to understand the old beliefs from our tribe. Even though we are both of mixed races having more European than Native American blood in our veins, we both still identify with the Native Americans. She admitted that she is more in agreement with the Native American traditions and beliefs than she is with what the Whites professed to believe. She always used the term, “professed to believe”, whenever she speaks about Christian leaders. She is adamant in her belief that these people are, for the most part, hypocrites who use god and the bible to rule others.

In general, people in the settlement have been curious about her. However, for the most part, these people are reluctant to pry and have not been asking her questions about herself. Tom Anderson suggested to her, in private, that it would be to everyone’s benefit if she satisfied the people’s curiosity by talking about her personal life. She agreed and this afternoon she spoke. As usual, she stood up straight and tall.

“Now that I have asserted that what they are passing off as divine teachings is just a bunch of hogwash written to justify their actions, I will begin to tell you the truth as I have learned it.” As usual, she spoke clearly, distinctly and with many appropriate pauses to allow the audience to soak in and digest her words. She told me that she learned public speaking at Cambridge. I thought that she was referring to Cambridge, Ontario but she corrected me by telling me that she had gone to Cambridge University in England. How is that possible?

Slowly surveying the crowded room, she resumed her talk. While pointing to her chest, she stated. “To the original people of the Americas it was common to believe that this body is not **YOU**. The belief is that **YOU** reside in this body. But, **YOU** are not this body. When we speak of **I**, we are referring to the conscious form of energy that has the ability to move in and out of the body that **YOU** are now residing in.”

There was another pause. I don’t know if anyone in the crowd was starting to understand what she was saying. I have read some of Rudyard Kipling’s books so I am somewhat familiar with transmigration of souls. I was wondering what she believes the traditional native philosophies to be. We all sat quietly and patiently waiting.

“In the Americas, before Christopher Columbus arrived in 1480, there were at least two thousand tribes of people living on these lands. Each of these tribes was quite different from the others.” She paused when she noticed a little murmuring throughout the hall. “You are wondering why I said 1480, rather than 1492? Francis Parkman claims that Christopher Columbus arrived on the east coast of Canada in 1480, when he was just a cabin boy on a trading ship from Bristol, England. The Spanish knew about these voyages, but in order to claim that their ships were the first to arrive in the new world, they ignored what the English were doing. The Spanish did not wish to have their claim that they were the first people to declare ownership of the Americas refuted. The fact that there were already inhabitants in the Americas did not matter to them; they proclaimed that these inhabitants were ‘savages who could not be counted as people’. That was what all Europeans professed about the Native Americans.”

Again, she used the term “professed”. She feels that the Europeans looked upon the American Natives as a superior race but used the term “savage” to justify why they must rule over them. She often speaks to me about the large civilised cities in what is now Mexico and Central America. She has shown me journals that are written in Spanish. She claims that these journals give details about cities that had running water and sewage treatment.

When she paused again, I wondered if anyone in the audience thought about the impact that her statements had. She was turning our world upside down. Not too many years ago, the authorities could jail and hang her for blasphemy and treason. What was going to be the outcome of all of all of this? Where did she get her information? It was

obvious that despite her commitment to speak about her personal life, this day's talk would be only about her beliefs.

After silently surveying the audience, she continued with her story. "As I was saying, in 1480 there were at least two thousand various tribes in the Americas. Some of these tribes were very dark just like some of the people who are native to West Africa, while others were tall and blonde with very light skin. These Blonde Indians or Yellow Heads as they were known lived right here where we are today. These people spoke the Welsh language so we presume that they originated from Wales. Why do we ignore the evidence that the Blonde Indians existed? Why is the evidence proving that the Chinese moored their boats off the Californian coast long before 1480 ignored? I will tell you why. It is because it would not be to the best interests of the people who are in control."

"What happened to these various American tribes? I will tell you what I believe: The light-skinned ones assimilated into the new society and our conquerors captured many of the dark skinned ones and sold them into slavery either in the Americas or in Europe. Many of the North American natives fled to Central and South America. Most were systematically exterminated."

She went on to tell us about life on the plains in a manner that gave the impression to me that she had firsthand knowledge. "I will tell you what life was like on the American plains in the fifteenth century. The first Europeans that arrived here described life on the plains as being in heaven. In 1492, over two hundred million people lived in North America. Many cities in what is now Mexico had populations of at least two hundred thousand people. In what is now Colorado and New Mexico there were cities of sixty thousand people during the winter months. During the summer, these people went north with the herds of bison. Besides the bison, there were at least one hundred million antelope on the plains. These were not wild animals as depicted by Hollywood and the mass media. These were domesticated animals,

much the same as the reindeer of the north. Our people travelled with these animals from south to north and back down south with the seasons. The bison provided for our needs. From them we obtained wool, meat, milk, and many of our tools and implements. There was no need to kill and store meat. We butchered animals, as we needed them. We had ponies to ride and we had llamas and alpacas for pack animals."

"There were established trade routes through the central plains and along the mountain ranges, so that goods could be traded among all peoples of the Americas. Despite the fact that there were at least two thousand different languages and dialects, people managed to communicate by sign language. Children learned sign language at a young age. Except being used by deaf people, this form of communication has all but disappeared."

"Our ancestors associated and interbred with the Chinese people who came regularly to the west coast of California and Mexico. The Chinese told our forbearers that they also travelled regularly to the east coast of the Americas. When the Chinese came, they brought with them many people from foreign lands who worked on the Chinese ships. We have identified these people to be Australian, African, Asian, and East Indian."

"In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the newcomers came to the Americas they could see only one thing on the prairies: land. This land could be worth a lot of money. But, this land had no value with wandering animals that did not recognise fences and borders inhabiting it. These conquerors realized that the animals as well as the people would have to be exterminated."

I am now becoming a little worried. If the authorities ever caught wind of what she is telling us, I don't think that her life would be worth a plug nickel. For some reason though, I feel that what she is telling us is truthful. I have heard many theories about Europeans visiting

and trading with people in the Americas long before Christopher Columbus. Of course, all of this trading would be done in secret in order to protect the traders' golden goose. These ships acted independently and the goods from the Americas would need to be smuggled into European countries. There are no official records of these illegal voyages.

Note to the reader: I spoke to Neil MacDonald about her descriptions of historical events. He gave me a copy of A People's History of the United States written by Dr. Howard Zinn. If anyone wishes to look more closely into alternate history, I recommend this book that was written by a man who earned a doctoral degree in history from Columbia University.

Neil MacDonald states that the belief in the transmigration of souls is as old as the hills and millions of Asians believe in it.

June 12

The meeting this afternoon was uneventful. Several of the women spoke about the need to have proper schools on the reserve so that the children could be at home. I am sure that this will never happen. The authorities don't want to give up the influence that they have over the coming generations.

After the meeting, she agreed to have tea with me. When we arrived at my house, I made a batch of bannock. As she came into the kitchen, I was placing fresh buttered bannock on the table along with a pot of tea and a tin of strawberry jam. We sat in silence sipping on our tea for quite a while before she spoke.

"Have you ever had déjà-vu?"

Startled by her sudden question, I hesitated and then answered in the affirmative. "Yes, I have on occasion."

"Have you ever wondered what it is, déjà-vu?"

I did not know where she was going with this, but I answered truthfully. "No, I have just accepted it as an oddity."

"Have you ever gone to someplace where you know that you have never been before, but you feel certain that you were there sometime in the past?"

"It has happened."

She shuffled in her chair and then came back in a different vein. "If there is no god, then why does prayer, in some cases, seem to work?"

"I don't know why. I don't even know if it does work."

"Let me put it this way. Have you ever imagined something that you wanted so much that not only were you dreaming about it, but you could also feel it, taste it, and smell it? After you worked for what you dreamed about, low and behold, you got what you wanted. Has that ever happened to you?"

"Yes, it seems that if I want something badly enough, I usually manage to work and get it." In addition, I added. "God helps those who help themselves."

She frowned but went on. "Most religions will tell people that if they want something badly enough and pray to their god, they will get what they want. The part that they fail to mention is that one doesn't need to pray to a god. They could omit that step. In fact, I suggest that one should not pray. You see, prayer is a form of begging and when one begs for something, they usually are in fear that they may not receive it. One has a tendency to concentrate on what one fears. So, one will naturally concentrate on not receiving what one wants and low and behold they should not be surprised when they receive exactly what they are concentrating on and that is not receiving what they are praying for."

“The key is that in order to receive, one must want something so bad that one is able to actually feel it, taste it and smell it. This is when it will manifest. This is how one obtains what one desires. Anything that a man may imagine, a man may obtain. This is one of the laws of nature. If you begin to learn the laws of nature, you may have whatever you want and accomplish whatever you wish to accomplish. This is one of the laws that was commonly known in the past by our people but has long been forgotten.”

I said nothing. I wanted to hear more and I knew that if I commented with any sign of questioning or disagreement, I might break the spell. Her patience usually runs very thin. Once I heard her say, *Why should I waste my time with naysayers when I have things to accomplish?* I would not be a naysayer. I would not break the spell.

She continued to sit, silently looking into my eyes. She then made one last comment. “Why, if it is so easy to get what you want in life, do most of our people live in impoverished depression? I will tell you why. It is because they have long forgotten that it is their right to have what they wish for and that what they have asked for will be given to them if they only ask for it.”

I must admit that I’m having a hard time accepting everything that she is preaching. I remember when I found out that there is no Santa Claus. I am finding that giving up god is like giving up Santa Claus but God seems to be more difficult to give up. Is it because I have always found some type of security in God? But, I know that she’s right. I am starting to realise that God just does not make sense and I ask how one is able to have blind faith. I feel that human beings are basically logical and I must have scientific proof in order to believe. I’m determined to find proof. At this point, I don’t care if this proof is for or against a god.

Note to the reader: It seems that the journal’s author is having a lot of inner turmoil. Is it because his lust for this woman is stronger than his desire to have a god?

June 26

Cecil Sinclair took hold of the stick. He is old but not frail, although in the last while I have noticed that he does not walk as upright as he used to. He now walks slightly hunched over. Are his years finally catching up to him? He is still slim and quick in motion. I would guess his height to be just over five feet and he is slight of build but I would imagine him to have been wiry and strong in his younger years. He still has dark wavy hair, albeit peppered with white. I was surprised how eloquent his speech is. He speaks both clearly and precisely and he speaks distinctly enough so that everyone in the hall has no trouble hearing and understanding every word that he says. I hope that I, m just as youthful as he is when I’m a hundred years of age.

“Everyone here knows me as Cecil Sinclair. Cecil, though, is not my baptismal name. The name that my parents gave me at birth was Dosithé. I was born on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean in 1847. I will tell you how I came to have a new name.”

“It wasn’t just the Indian on the prairies who has had problems with powerful land thieves. I have experienced many examples of this. I was born in an Indian settlement, but, my people never called themselves Indians. To do so would be an invitation for a scalping. The English put a bounty on my peoples’ heads two hundred years ago. That bounty is still in effect today. The English have never repealed this law. When Governor Cornwallis proclaimed this bounty law, my ancestors, to avoid a scalping, stated that they were French. They did this in the hope that France would give them protection against the English. Even today, when a blind man could see that we have American Indian features, my people still refer to themselves as French.”

“I grew up speaking bastardised French but you may notice that I currently speak correct English. I will get to that part of the story later. My family had lived on the same piece of land for several hundred years. They farmed, fished, and hunted in the area. Just like their neighbours,

they believed that they owned the land that they lived on. However, the English authorities told them otherwise. These people could not produce titles to their land when asked to do so. The government confiscated the land and auctioned it off to the highest bidder. Most of the residents did not have money to buy back their own farms. The people referred to the investors who purchased the lands as the English, but nobody in our village ever met these investors, as they did not live in the area. These investors did all of their dealings through their agents. Later when I lived with English people, I realised that the people in authority had treated them unjustly the same as the rest of us. We were using the English as scapegoats for our troubles while our true enemies are investors whom nobody has ever seen or met. Who are these investors?"

"When the civil war broke out in the United States, I found myself in the Union Army. How did this come to be? In the United States, conscription was in force and service in the Union army was mandatory for all able-bodied males. As usual, there were loopholes in the conscription laws designed for anyone who has money and influence. One of these loopholes stated that any conscripted citizen has the option to send someone in their place and thus escape active service. Yankee agents went north into what is now Canada to hire soldiers of fortune. The going rate at the time was five hundred dollars, which to a poor farmer was a huge fortune. My father accepted fifteen hundred dollars to have his three sons volunteer for service in the United States army as alternates for wealthy sons. I was fourteen years of age at the time. With this money my father bought land and built a house which, as far as I know, is still standing today."

"During the height of a battle, when I realised what war was all about, I deserted from the army. As the bloody fighting unfolded, I crawled into some scrub bush and hid. After dark, when I crawled out of that bush some distance away from the bloodshed, I simply walked away. I made my way up to British Territory and rather than going eastward to

get back home, I went westward. I was hoping that I would be declared dead and my father would not have to forfeit his five hundred dollars for me."

"I knew that I had distant relatives on the prairies that were now under British rule. These relatives were Indians and Half-Breeds that had migrated westward. Many of them had left the east coast when the British placed a bounty on our heads. Others had followed for adventure and profit. I came to a settlement whose inhabitants spoke a language that was very close to mine. These people had surnames that I recognised to be similar or the same as my relatives back home. Since I was an army deserter, I gave a false name and I told them that I was from Quebec City. When they started asking me about relatives from Quebec, I thought that they might catch me in a lie. I continually evaded the topic of my roots and somehow I managed to carry off my deception. The questions eventually stopped."

Note to the reader: I have known several people from Southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan who speak Michif, which is, as far as I can tell, a mixture of French, English and American Indian dialects. The surnames of many of these people are the same as some of the people who live on the east coast of Canada and the United States. Passed down through generations is a tale of how these people moved west to escape persecution from the English.

"Years passed and the bison were becoming scarcer. The women were asking for stability. Because of this, the people that I was with became more inclined to squat on land in what is now Saskatchewan. As we built houses and buildings, our little encampment eventually grew into a settlement. I lived in that settlement off and on for fifteen or twenty years. Each summer, I would leave and find work throughout the west. I even ventured into the United States on occasion. When I returned to the settlement one fall, I found that the people had vacated it. The authorities had dispersed the settlement and they surveyed the land for homestead allotment. I had learned the lesson that one must obtain a

deed of title before one settles on land. Traditional rights mean nothing to the ones who make the laws.”

“Later on, though I found out that even if you have a deed to your land, the authorities will find a way to take it if they want it. In my wanderings, sometime around the turn of the century, I somehow happened upon a group of foreigners. These people had purchased a very large piece of land with plans of building a settlement. I could not speak their language but we managed to communicate with one and another.”

“I was welcomed into their community. I lived and worked alongside these foreigners to build houses and to cultivate the land that they had purchased. These people were much the same as the traditional Prairie Indian. They had a communal way of life and they did not believe in violence. While I lived with this group, I learned how to speak their language and I learned how to read and write, albeit with an alphabet that is strange to the English. I am not sure of all of the political duplicity that took place but in 1907, despite the colony having ownership of the property, the government seized all of the lands that these people lived on and they dispersed the people. I moved with these people to the mountains in the west. Even to this day, when I close my eyes, I can picture the horrific sight of the buildings being burned to the ground after we had vacated them.”

“After this, I came to realise that the authorities will not tolerate any form of communal living. I knew that somehow these people in authority would eventually destroy the new commune that we were building in the mountains. I realised that this would happen despite the fact that these people had purchased legal title to it. As we American Indians have traditionally been, these communal people are pacifists. They don’t believe in conflict or fighting. Since we live under an imperialistic government that abhors an attitude of non-violence and communal living, I knew that they would eventually destroy this colony as well as any other similar colonies. Rather than trying to bend with the wind, I could see that these people were standing firm, which means that

when the gale comes their stems will snap off at the root. These oppressive authorities see communes as a threat. Our rulers’ philosophy is to divide and to conquer. It is not possible to divide people who live in harmony. I decided that rather than stay to watch them destroy a commune as they did in Saskatchewan, I would venture out into the world. I took the attitude that if I could not beat them then I would join them, but only in outward appearances. A year later, I took off with an adventurous man whom I had befriended. This man had wandered into our commune a year before. The people invited him to stay and join us. He not only spoke good English, but he could also read and write. He gave me English lessons as well as teaching me the English alphabet. We ventured into the United States and eventually we arrived in San Francisco. My goal was to become proficient in not only the English language but also in the English ways. I was determined to give an appearance of being an Englishman and I thought that immersing myself into an English community would be the best way to do this.”

“In San Francisco my acquaintance pointed out a sign in a hardware store that sold firearms and ammunition. The sign stated that their firearms could pay for themselves with the shooting of vermin. As an example, the poster displayed a picture of a man with the caption ‘*Sly Indian*’. We made some discreet inquiries. One man showed us a newspaper clipping. This article questioned the benefits of having bounties. The article stated that in 1852 alone, the government of California paid out more than a million dollars to Indian hunters for Indian heads. The article questioned the spending of this money, as many men would gladly hunt Indians for sport even if there were no bounty. The article also stated that the government did not want scalps, but would pay as much as five dollars for an Indian head. The article went on to say that, bounty hunters would often take women and children and sell them as slaves, since they are worth more alive than dead. As a reminder not to forget this atrocity, from that day, I carry around a coin with a picture of an Indian head on it. This very coin was given to a bounty hunter in exchange for the head of an Indian.”

“After these events, I began to fear for my life. I wanted to get out of California as fast as I possibly could and I therefore decided to board a boat for Vancouver. That is when the whole course of my life changed.”

“Since I did not have enough money to purchase boat fare, I thought I might find a boat that would allow me to work in exchange for my passage to Vancouver. I was mingling amongst a group of people on a wharf when a young girl, who was around two years of age, fell into the water. Instinctively I jumped in and saved the girl from drowning. I pulled her from the depths and held her up so that people on the wharf could hoist her up to safety. She survived and she grew to be a beautiful young woman. I sought no reward for my bravery but her grandfather offered me a job. At the time, my English was not good but he understood that I needed to make money. I could have asked for a ticket to Vancouver as my reward but somehow I felt that taking a reward for saving a life would be immoral and I decided that it would be safe for me to spend a few weeks on an isolated farm. That is why I accepted this man’s offer of employment.”

Cecil stopped his soliloquy and quietly looked over the audience before he continued. “I find that some people have trouble understanding my ideas about morality. If I had taken money for saving a life, I know that the money would eventually do me harm. I know that for many reasons some of us find the bible offensive, but, there are certain teachings in the bible that are universal and our ancestors commonly practiced them as do many other cultures. One of these teachings is that one will reap what one sows. How can this be wrong since it follows nature’s rules? If I plant a bean seed, I will reap beans. In no way will I reap a turnip from a bean seed. The same is true in all of our actions. If I take money for saving a life, then I have put a price on that life as well as my life and all lives. My life as well as your life and all lives are priceless. How can anyone put a price on something that is priceless?”

Note to the reader: Looking through old reference books at various libraries, I have found that reverence for all life is a traditional Native

American belief. Today, looking at Hollywood Indians, this may seem unfathomable but Cecil Sinclair’s idea that all life is priceless probably describes traditional American Indian beliefs more realistically.

Old Cecil silently moved his gaze from person to person before he continued. “This man lived with his son, daughter in law, and grandchildren on a farm. The grandchildren taught me not only how to speak the English language but each evening they eagerly taught me how to read and write. The children thought that all of this was great fun and the parents encouraged their tutoring me. I think, for the parents; having their children teaching an older man, somehow made them feel charitable and maybe superior.”

“The children would pass on to me everything that they were learning in school. Together, we even set up a blackboard in my little room off the barn. The children laughed when I wrongly pronounced words or when I translated things literally but they had all of the patience in the world and they never grew tired of correcting my mistakes. I honestly do not think that any adult could have done as good a job tutoring me. You may have noticed that I have a very good command of the English language. In fact, people tell me that I have a neutral accent. I was not satisfied with having just rudimentary English, I became a voracious reader, and I have studied on a variety of subjects. Also, I have taken lessons in elocution.”

“Despite fearing two things, I spent ten years on that farm. During this time, I feared that someone would recognise me as an army deserter and also, I thought that a bounty hunter might kill me for my head. When I look back now, I realise that in all probability, I was just being paranoid. When one is in that kind of a situation, it is difficult for one to think rationally.”

“While I was living and working with this English family, I learned that it is not the English who are our oppressors. You will hear people talking about how the English did this or that. The ordinary English

people are no different from the rest of us. They are not bloodthirsty and greedy for possessions any more than anyone else is. The true imperialistic oppressors are investors who nobody seems to be able to identify. What nationality are they? We don't know, but we do know that ordinary uneducated people are their victims. Whether you look at the peasants of Ireland, England, Germany, or India you will find the same type of people that the oppressors exploit. In the end, most people that I have met just want the basic necessities of life and to live in harmony."

"Eventually, I went back into British Columbia where I met the man whose identity I now have. Cecil Sinclair was born in this area and was part of this group of Indians. He was working alongside of me in a lumber mill when a log that flew off a chute struck and killed him. We had been roommates and after his death, I took his papers and possessions back here in order to hand them over to his relatives."

"Arriving at this settlement, I went straight away to see Cecil's mother. I told her how Cecil had died and I gave her all of his belongings plus the little money he had when he died. In confidence, I told her that I was a refugee from the United States where I had deserted the army. She was the one who devised the plan for me to impersonate her dead son. She adopted me and because I was grateful to her, I always tried to be a good and loyal son until she died."

Cecil went on to tell us how relieved he felt now that he has revealed his true identity. He stated that it was a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders. I don't know if it is my imagination but when he left the room, he seemed to be walking straighter and taller.

Note to the reader: I have verified that conscripted men did indeed have the option of hiring an alternate to serve in the army for them. Apparently, thousands did this.

I did find information that verifies that various local governments throughout California posted bounties for Indian heads. The state government reimbursed the local governments for any bounties paid.

July 10

Cecil Sinclair spoke again today. One is easily able to tell that he is well experienced in life as he is able to speak on many topics. He started by talking about religious beliefs. I know that he has a tendency to practise traditional ways.

"We are accused of not having a religion. Why is this? One reason is that we have never had a set of rules or a set of penalties for not following these rules. The definition of religion states that there must be rules or commandments. Usually, a god commands people to do this or that and this god has punishments for deviators clearly spelled out. People commonly live in fear because of these rules and punishments. Most religions give the followers a means to circumvent the rules. This may be doing penance, saying prayers or filling the money coffers. The result is that many followers openly conform while covertly sinning and paying their penalty. In this type of environment, where is the chance for evolution and progress? There is little chance."

"From what I have discovered, traditional American Indian beliefs are completely opposite to what the missionaries have been teaching to us. I am saying this loosely since, as has been stated, there were over two thousand different tribes in the Americas when the Europeans came to conquer in the fifteenth century. I cannot speak for all of the two thousand tribes but I do know what the beliefs were for many of these tribes. They commonly believed in evolution that came from allowing individuals to think for themselves. This belief system has no commandments but it does suggest that people should imagine and think about everything. The teachings stated that people should think about and learn from their experiences. Elders were always available

for advice and consultation when asked but these Elders refrained from interfering in an individual's actions unless there was immediate danger to a person's health and welfare."

"Children were allowed to explore. For example, if someone saw a child approaching a fire, that person would watch to ensure that the child does not seriously burn himself. The witness would say nothing while closely watching. They allowed the child to approach the fire and to discover, on their own, that the fire is hot. Other cultures interfere with the curious child's explorations with the excuse of protecting them from harm. What do children learn if the Elders expect everyone to take their word for everything? In the past, the village, as a whole, raised the children. If a child wandered about the village, everyone in the village watched out for them. Nobody would interfere with the child's explorations unless there was an immediate danger of serious harm to the child. People never reprimanded or punished children. In fact, if any sins existed in the American Indians' beliefs, it would be the sin of striking a child."

"A long time before Henry David Thoreau was born, the native youths were encouraged to go and seek out solitude. The Elders taught the value of going into nature by oneself. In addition, the Elders taught the value of fasting, in isolation, while communing with nature. Youth were also taught to leave their bodies so that their soul could explore the Universe, which is the source of all knowledge."

"How ironic that many Europeans are now trying to find meaning in life by adopting the traditional American Indian ways. Is it not time for the American Indian to start exploring what his ancestors teachings were?"

"Our power has been taken from us so we are unable to fight. Our only choice is to play by their rules and eventually use their rules to once again take control our lives. We must become educated and we must

use this education to gain influence so that rules could be changed to enable us to take control of our own destinies."

Note to the reader: Neil MacDonald told me that, almost fifty years ago he lived with a group of aboriginal Canadian people who, because of their isolation, never attended residential school. He stated that their beliefs were in agreement with the way Cecil Sinclair described them above. He also told me that they considered striking a child more heinous than murder.

July 11

Bill Sutherland arrived at the meeting wearing his freshly pressed wool khaki army uniform along with a tie that sported a perfect Windsor knot. Across his chest were several metals suspended by various coloured ribbons. He carried with him a large paper sack. With the way people were eying him, I think that he had aroused a lot of curiosity.

Several people spoke before Bill received the stick. He stood up straight and tall as he spoke. He was well groomed with a clean-shaven face and a neat military haircut. Except for looking older, his appearance was no different from when he marched off to war in 1939. As I closed my eyes, I could clearly picture him as he climbed the steps onto the train, turned back, and gave me a salute.

Before Bill began to speak, he bent down and retrieved a dunce cap from his paper sack. Placing this dunce cap on his head, he began his talk.

"An Indian reservation has been described as a concentration camp with no fence. We have learned that this is not true. A fence does surround our reservation. This fence, however, is not visible to the naked eye. Nevertheless, I assure you, there is a fence, and it keeps us in."

“By keeping us ignorant and entertained, our captors keep us from rebelling against our forced captivity. When I was living in Hodgson, one method of keeping us entertained was to give us a weekly bingo and a movie in the hall. The people witnessed how Hollywood has depicted the Indian; it is not a pretty picture. The result of this deception is that the people now normally associate themselves with the cowboys and not the Indians.”

“One war type movie that I saw was titled *Watch on the Rhine*. I possibly viewed this movie differently from most of the audience. Why do I say this? It is because I spent six years at war and I view the world much differently now than when I first joined the army.”

“It is very apparent that this movie is a Hollywood propaganda film aimed at our oppressor’s enemy, Nazi Germany. I see this movie as more than propaganda. In this movie, our oppressor has reacted as any bully reacts whenever someone stands up to them and they feel threatened. In this movie, we see our oppressor running whimpering back to their mommy because someone is picking on them. Our oppressor is not happy when the tables have been turned. Are they not reaping what they have sown?”

“When we marched into Dresden, Germany we could still see the results of days of fire bombing. The worst sight was the piles of human bones fused to asphalt roads. We were told how people ran from burning buildings only to become stuck in the asphalt that had been softened by the intense heat as the buildings burned. They could not escape and were burned alive. All that was left were their charred bones embedded into the asphalt. One survivor told me how his family escaped by hiding amongst trees in the outskirts of the city, only coming out at night so as not to encounter the planes that were strafing along the roads. Back home people were told that Germans were barbarians and we were fighting a fair war. What a pile of crap.”

“When the Europeans came to this land we, the People, were not warmongers. Contrary to what history tells us, we knew nothing about fighting or warfare. We lived in communes, and like many community dwellers that I have come across, we were pacifists. It was our practise to sit in circles such as this one, and rather than trying to convince those who disagreed with us, we tried to understand their point of view. In addition, they, in turn, tried to understand our point of view. It is true that we normally did not give anybody sympathy, but we strived to be empathetic. We stepped into their moccasins and they, in turn, stepped into our moccasins. That is the way that we lived.”

“The foreigners that came here gave us a choice; either we could stand still and let them enslave us, abuse us, torture us, have their perverse fun with us and eventually exterminate us or we could defend ourselves if we wished to stay on our lands. Eventually we defended ourselves. What did they give to us in return? They portrayed us as the warmongers. They introduced to us the art of scalping but then they expounded to the world that we invented scalping and that we are bloodthirsty savages when in fact the opposite is true. Compared to our civilised way of life, they are the bloodthirsty savages.”

“While I was away at war, I spoke to other people who had experiences similar to ours. In particular, I spoke with the Irish and the Scottish. Similar things happened in their countries. The Irish related to me how they are being denounced as terrorists while the French who were waging war against England’s enemies are referred to as freedom fighters.”

“This is why I wear this Duncie cap. It is because I have been a dunce who was gobbling up this English bullshit for years. The movie that I was telling you about is an example of their duplicity. When the English went to war with Germany they cried out to the world that they were acting in self-defence. I will bet my bottom dollar that if Germany had beaten England, Germany now would be denouncing the English as

a bunch of bloodthirsty savages. History has a habit of absolving the victors.”

Notice to the reader: I have spoken to survivors of the Hamburg and Dresden fire bombings when the Allies dropped tons of incendiary devices over these cities. They have horrific stories which, for the most part, are ignored. Is it because Germany lost the war? I did watch the movie that Bill Sutherland mentions. His description of this movie, in my estimation, is accurate. If the reader is interested, a similar movie, but one that is much more powerful is titled Paths of Glory (1957).

July 13

I’ve noticed a change in her ever since she began to open up at the community meetings. At first, this change was very subtle, but now, I notice that she is much more open and she speaks more freely. She does not seem to worry about what she says.

She also looks younger and has more energy in her movements. The lines in her face are shallower. Does she have less grey hair? It seems to me that she does and her eyes sparkle as she tells her tales.

I observed her from my dark corner as she sat silently eating her bannock while basking in full sunlight at the window in my eating area. It was difficult for me to see her face clearly as the sun silhouetted it. Again, her image reminded me of a painting of a saint and I could hear her words in my head. *Saints are derived from the original sun god and that is why they wear a halo. A halo is just the edges of the sun silhouetting them.*”

We talked about why there is no written language for most of the original American tribes and how common it was for people to have the ability to remember entire conversation verbatim, even years later. I haven’t told her that when I am by myself, I am able to write down everything that she says in my journal, even without listening to the

Magnetophon. Would she care if I told her what I’m doing? What would she think if she read what I have said about her?

She knew that I was watching. Without turning she began to talk.

“I was five years of age when I was kidnapped. Our village was in a peaceful and fertile valley by a meandering river. It was a good place to live. We had a very large log cabin with a garden. The fish and game were plentiful. This land would have been taken over by barbarians but for the fact that it was isolated with no roads within several hundred miles.”

“One day, in late summer, a barge came up the river. Before it appeared, we could hear the steam pistons chugging as they reciprocated and we could hear the whistle shriek. Apprehension grew as several strange men and three uniformed police officers stepped off the barge. This vessel was not the usual supply boat that came yearly about this time. No one seemed to question the appearance of a strange vessel and the people were happy when the crew deposited mailbags on the shore. Mail was scarce, sometimes not arriving for several months. Soon the men and older children formed a chain from the deck of the barge to the warehouse. The crew handed crates and boxes to people on shore who handed them from person to person until they were all neatly stacked in the warehouse.”

“The question of why the policemen were aboard was soon answered. It was announced that all of the children between the age of five and sixteen were to be put on board the barge, which would take them off to school. They were to start taking the children on board immediately. There would be no time for discussion or for making plans to escape. The police had the strong arm of the law on their side and everyone, from experience, knew that it would be futile to try and disobey this order.”

“Legally, I along with many others who were not status Indians could not be forcibly taken away to residential school. As usual, legalities

were ignored. In my case, they rationalised that no schools existed in the remote area where we lived. This was true and since education in Canada is compulsory, they could legally remove the children and place them into a residential school. They did not remove the children of the white civil servants. The white parents provided home schooling to their children. This was acceptable in the eyes of the authorities. One woman in the village protested to the removal of her three children. She stated that she wanted to home school her children just the same as the white parents were doing. The authorities simply told her that she was not qualified to do this.”

As I silently sat listening to this story, I remembered her telling me that she attended classes at Cambridge University, which would explain her English accent that indicated that she could be upper class and that she had grown up in England. Such phrases as “maternal grandmother” were foreign to the general population in our village. The villagers, who had spent time in residential schools, supposedly could speak English but they spoke in short phrases rather than complete sentences; mimicking the staff at school who barked out orders with thick foreign accents as they herded the children, like cattle?

“At residential school, there was very little time for school work. We were too busy doing physical farm work and housework. The nuns slapped and beat us when we spoke in our native tongue. Proper English was never taught to us so we had no language to replace what we lost. In short, they treated us like draught oxen and we became much like these oxen. That is to say, that we became obedient and docile with no thought about rebellion or escape. Anyone who showed any signs of independence was taught a lesson; even it meant beating or starving them to death.”

Her story reminded me of the story about the man that a police officer punched in the face. The policeman then arrested the man and charged him with soiling his uniform with blood. When these children grew

up, these very oppressors who had shaped them into dumb oxen were ridiculing them for being a dumb beast.

“I don’t remember much from this period. I will acknowledge that there was verbal, physical, as well as sexual abuse. The nuns told us that we were stupid savages and that we were not capable of learning anything. The English people have invented many disparaging monikers for the people that they conquered to justify their ill treatment towards them. The English commonly referred to the Irish as *white niggers* while they sold hundreds of thousands of them into slavery. Indeed many of the Irish and Scottish in North America are descendents of white slaves that were brought here by the English before there were black slaves from Africa available in the markets.”

“Mostly, I have put these two plus years that I spent in residential school out of my head. I have learned that forgetfulness is nature’s way of protecting us from madness. But, sometimes, I wonder, if forgetfulness may also lead us into madness.”

“Before residential school, I had spent most of my time with my maternal grandmother. At school, I remember lying awake in my bed and quietly sobbing for my grandmother. One quickly learned that once you went to bed you made no noise. The nuns walked very quietly as if they had padded feet and they could easily surprise a noisemaker by quietly approaching their bed. Small children would be pulled from their beds and whipped with a leather belt or a thick wooden dowel like the one that Mother Superior carried around with her wherever she went.”

“As time passes, it seems that the longing for one’s family becomes more and more infrequent. I have spoken to people who said that after many years of not seeing their families, this longing turned into indifference and then eventually into hatred. They hated their parents for not rescuing them and for not providing the love and security that they so dearly needed. This is irrational behaviour, since they are fully aware

of the fact that their parents had no control over their own lives, let alone their children's lives. In a supposedly free country, for the Indian, there is no liberty."

"It has been said that power is a great aphrodisiac. From experience, I can see the truth in this statement. In this case, the term *aphrodisiac* takes on a different meaning. When someone has complete power over a person, that person will normally seek love and security from their oppressor. They are looking for protection and a safe haven in a lion's den. Unless you are in this situation, you would not understand this irrational behaviour. It is like a desperate last hope of a drowning man grasping at straws to stay afloat. If a log came by, he would abandon the straw and clutch at the log. At residential school, there were no logs, only the faint hope for a straw."

"I can't be certain about the events that led up to my escape from this concentration camp. Over the years, I have pieced together bits of information that have come back to me. I am telling you my story as I remember it."

"In a town that was close to the residential school lived an Anglican priest with his wife. At the time, they had been married for twenty or so years. The minister's wife was approaching middle age and they were childless. She had suffered several miscarriages and she had at least one stillbirth. The doctor informed the minister that it would be suicide if his wife became pregnant again. She became so depressed that the doctor was becoming very concerned about her health. The doctor suggested to the minister that he and his wife should take in a foster child for a little while."

"There were no foster children available close by the town, and since this would just be a temporary arrangement, it was suggested that possibly one of the Indian children from the nearby residential school could be taken out on a loan. I do not know exactly how they made the arrangements, but somehow the minister and his wife ended up

visiting the school that I was living in. The minister eventually told me that when his wife saw me, it was love at first sight. I believe that it was closer to compassion or even pity at first sight as I must have been a very pathetic looking girl. Sheepish could be the word used to describe me. I remember that I never smiled and I spoke very little. In retrospect, I can see that I had many of the symptoms of Asperger syndrome. I always did, quietly by rote, what the nuns expected from me. I was thin and pale, despite my natural dark complexion. I probably appeared to be malnourished. Despite all these shortcomings, the minister's wife chose me as her *therapeutic pet*."

"It was arranged that I would just have a brief stay with the minister and his wife. The nuns informed me that this arrangement would not be permanent but I fantasised that it would be and in the end, I never did return to the school."

"I enjoyed living in their house and I sensed that these people had power while my people did not. I must have been somewhat obsequious like a tiny puppy. I hoped that if I pleased these two guardian angels, they would want to keep me. I would have done anything not to go back to residential school. The fact that I lacked for nothing and the minister's wife couldn't have been more loving and attentive to me made my desire to be accepted even stronger."

"At this time, the minister would have been in his fifties. He showed the middle-aged bulge on his belly and his flesh was getting noticeably loose, especially on his upper arms. His skin was very light and I think that he must have been a carrot top as a child. What little hair he had left was mostly grey but one could see hints of red as the sun shone through it. The centre of his tonsure was lightly freckled and one could see freckles on his hands and naked arms. His hands were soft and well manicured but always moist. He showed no signs of spending much time in the sun. One could easily tell that the minister had *never done an honest day's work in his life*. He was a jovial fellow with a loud guffaw of a laugh and he found most things quite funny and amusing. *Amiable*

would be a nice way to describe him. However, from some parishioners, I have sometimes heard the word *sycophant* as well as the term *loud lout*. For the most part people liked him. They referred to him as not having a malicious bone in his body. He was always overly nice to me and he made certain that I got whatever I wanted. I'm afraid that I became quite spoiled around him."

"The minister's wife insisted that I call her *Mother*. I soon learned that it was to my advantage to follow her wishes. If I did exactly what she wanted, nobody interfered with my enjoyment of life. Mother was quite a bit younger than the minister was. At the time, she was thirty-eight years of age and she had been married for twenty years. She was still very attractive with a slim and small boned figure but she definitely had female curves despite her small breasts. I could feel her feminine form as she took me on her lap and held me as she caressed my back and neck. Her caresses were not vulgar as the nuns' were. Her caresses were gentle. With her, I always felt warmth and love, and complete security. She always referred to me as, *my sweet child*. I had the same feeling with Mother as I did with my maternal grandmother."

"Later in life, I noticed that the patients in our mental hospitals seemed to have a special bond with the animals on the farms, especially with the milking cows and the horses. I often watched the patients harnessing the horses and driving the horses as they ploughed the fields or swathed the grain. They had a way with these animals that no sane person ever did. Strangely enough, I noticed these patients had this same relationship with young children. It was as if there was some sort of telepathy between the children or the animals and the patient. With Mother, I felt that there was this same type of bond between the two of us. We did not always need to communicate orally. We often just sat in silence while we felt each other's presence."

"Living with my new parents; my life changed by a full one hundred and eighty degrees. Rather than feeling like an unwanted and worthless work animal, I started to feel needed and loved. I was very cautious

about reciprocating this love. Until we went to England, in the back of my mind, I felt that one day I would be taken away and placed back in residential school."

"When I came to live in the minister's house, lessons began immediately. Mother proved to be a gifted and capable tutor. She always spoke to me in complete and properly phrased sentences and I began to answer her back in the same manner. My vocabulary stretched amazingly. Even though she taught me how to read on my own, she read to me constantly. She introduced me to many new and interesting authors. When Mother read to me, she always chose books that, some would consider beyond my years. She quietly and patiently explained to me the meaning of any new and unfamiliar words or phrases. She encouraged me to interrupt her reading whenever I needed something explained or if I had a question to ask. We started out with fiction, but soon she introduced me to books on zoology, biology, astronomy, and science in general. I became fascinated with the wonders of nature and natural laws."

"Oddly, despite the fact that Father was an Anglican priest, religion was not pressed upon me. We attended church regularly but Mother also taught me about other religions including Buddhism and Hinduism. Strange for an Anglican minister, Father at one time stated that one should be a free thinker. He suggested that when I was more mature, I could decide what form of religion was best suited for me. In some ways, this made me feel somewhat isolated. I wondered if they would allow me the same freedom of choice if I were their blood child. It was not until years later that I came to realise how much of a free thinker Father actually was. He once suggested to me that Jesus Christ might not have been a flesh and blood man. He stated that possibly the story of Jesus may be just an allegory. He suggested that possibly, a group wrote variations of the stories of The Buddha and translated this deity's title from the original Sanskrit. Jesus Christ may be loosely translated into English as *the one who saves*. I asked him if he thought that The

Buddha had actually been a flesh and blood being. He answered that in his opinion, Buddha was probably an allegory also.”

“In the afternoons, Mother always needed to lie down as she was still quite weak and often fatigued. Even while Mother rested, my learning did not stop. Mother arranged for me to spend these afternoons with Cook, the gardener, the maid, or a friend of the family. Everyone was patient and attentive with me.”

“I became extremely fond of Cook. Many afternoons, I would help prepare the tea things as well as the main courses for supper. They never ate bannock but Cook made excellent scones and fresh crusty white bread. Often we made tea rings and deep-dish fruit pies. I started learning many of the secrets of the great bakers and chefs.”

“The yard that our house was situated on was at least half of an acre. It was a sanctuary of trees, shrubs, perennials, and annuals with manicured lawns. Edger, the gardener, would tell me all about the various plants that were in our yard. He gave me the common name as well as the Latin name and would tell how to care for each plant and how they were propagated.”

“Mother was a competent pianist and vocalist. Under her tutelage, I blossomed into a talented piano player. When I was about eight years of age, mother introduced the violin and a little later the cello and flute to me. She told me on many occasions that I was a natural when it came to music. Mother also stated that I have perfect pitch and I am sure that I do.”

“Let’s see, I would have been ten years of age when Mother had a relapse. I overheard the doctor saying to Father that her physical health was not good and he was afraid that her mental state might regress, despite the positive influence that I had on her. The doctor suggested that Mother should be around her family who were all living in England. As far as I know, the doctor did not outright say anything to

my father, but I am sure that my father felt that Mother’s prognosis was not good. I think that Father expected Mother to soon die.”

“A few weeks later, we sailed for England where life only got better and better. To my delight, Cook and Edger came with us. We moved into a house near Cambridge that has five bedrooms, not counting the servants’ quarters. I suppose, by today’s standards, society would consider this family quite well to do. However, we lived poorly compared to some of Mother’s associates. I have now come to realise that there was no need for Father to work. Both he and Mother lived well on their annuities.”

“I was quite a hit with Mother’s family as well as with her friends. Being dark in comparison to the natives of England, I was a novelty. In contrast to the bowl cut that I had at residential school, Mother allowed my hair to grow past my shoulders. At the time, it was dark brown in colour with long winding curls. Being healthy, my hair shone in the sunlight, which brought out a slight auburn tint. My skin was flawless and with my dark eyes and extra-long eyelashes, the women that came to visit, gushed all over me while exclaiming what a beauty I was.”

“After residential school, I never attended formal school. I had home tutoring exclusively. Albeit, by going on excursions, I learned many things that I could not have learned in school. Mother, Father, our servants, and friends would take me gallivanting about the country. I attended concerts, plays, museums, art galleries, parks and many private gardens and residences. I was a novelty and everyone wanted to talk to me. They wanted to know all about Canada and all about Canadian Indians. I am afraid that I started fabricating things since my knowledge about Indians was very limited. I went to Father’s library and to public libraries so that I could read about Canadian aboriginals. Even though I didn’t know if what I was reading was true or false, I passed it all on to the curious visitors.”

“As I grew older and people became used to me, I was asked less and less about my Native American background. I smoothly adjusted into society and people seemed to forget that I was not one of them. I did notice that several women in Mother’s circle of friends who were dark. These women were French, Italian, and Spanish. My Spanish tutor was darker than I was.”

“When we were living in Canada, Mother taught me both French and Italian. Mother felt that to enhance my singing, I should know these languages. I continued with my language lessons in England and Mother hired tutors to teach me German and Spanish. A few years later, a Russian tutor was hired and I started taking lessons in Russian. Today, I am fluent in no less than twelve languages. I have become quite cosmopolitan. I have read books written in all of these languages.”

Note to the reader: The heroine, tells an interesting story. I noted how one small event may change the entire course of one’s life. What if she never went to residential school? What if Mother was able to bear children?

In Robertson Davies novel Fifth Business, the simple act of throwing a snowball changes the course of many lives. Despite the influence on their lives, many of the characters were not even aware of the snowball.

July 14

She left town without saying a word to me. Mrs. Letandre said that one of her former classmates from Cambridge is in Toronto and she went to see her.

July 31

This morning, as we sat at the kitchen table, a dreamy look came over her. I had never seen her in such a mood. She became talkative and reminiscent.

“When I was sixteen years old, I went to the University of Cambridge. The registrar seemed surprised how easily I had passed my entrance examinations. Consequently, they accepted me to a female college known as Girton College. We lived close enough for me to commute on a daily basis, but, it was decided that I could board at school and come home on weekends and holidays.”

“It was expected that all women at college would be involved in the suffrage movement and I was no exception, even though I was a bit young to understand what it was all about. I quickly learned that the Native Americans were not the only group that society had downtrodden. I learned about the injustices and discrimination against women. I also became aware of the injustices towards minorities and children. I plainly saw the truth in the old adage, *might is right*. I came to realise that he who holds the whip is the one who makes the rules; and this is something that cannot be easily changed.”

“Because I am a woman, at that time, I could not obtain a degree at university. Therefore, I decided not to pursue any particular line of education. I explored the various colleges. Because I wished to study what I found to be interesting to myself, I decided to sit in on lectures at several Cambridge colleges, including men’s colleges.”

“I went into the lectures in male colleges with much trepidation and they seemed to accept me with consternation. As I stated, I was just sixteen years of age. I was of slight build and I looked young for my age. At first, the boys and men in these colleges were hesitant to talk openly in my presence. It was my habit to sit and listen. I felt that I could learn more with my ears than with my mouth. The students and

staff soon came to look upon me as a younger sister or niece. In fact, it was not long before I was more of a mascot than a student. I was soon receiving invitations to afternoon tea and to group outings along the river. I began to associate with many interesting people.”

“One area of study that I concentrated on was metaphysics, or the study of the laws of life. In one of the discussion groups, we talked about quantum physics alongside metaphysics. One truth that I came to realise was that in nature, there is neither good nor bad. An ill wind always blows some good. In nature, things just exist and things just happen. It is man who categorises events as good or evil depending on how these events personally affect them.”

“I started to think about my own life. Was I happy? Indeed I was. I was daily exploring and learning new things. I was happiest when, after much hard thought, I came to understand something that previously mystified me. I was happy with my family in England. I wanted for nothing and my time was my own. As I grew older, men, and occasionally women, courted me. At that time, I took none of them seriously. My life was my books and my friends. I must admit that sometimes I had sexual fantasies but I think that that is normal for young people. Nature is trying to insure that we procreate. It was a few years before my sexual thoughts materialised. Occasionally, my happiness brought about some feelings of guilt when I thought about my family and friends back in Canada whom I knew could never find the happiness that I was enjoying.”

“As I look back now, I wonder how I may justifiably condemn anyone for taking me to residential school. If they had not dragged me off to school, I would never have experienced my enjoyable life and I would have missed out on my education. On the other hand, I am not condoning the actions of the government and the churches. How may I agree with their infliction of pain and suffering on other human beings? I spent many nights wrestling with these thoughts before I came to just accept things as they are.”

“While listening to a discussion on quantum physics, one individual stated that quantum physics does not follow the rules of physics. This is because, in quantum physics, one’s thoughts will determine the outcome of any experiment. He then stated that man’s life journey follows the rules of quantum physics because man may change his life by changing his thoughts. I began to wonder how my way of thinking was influencing the course of my life. I realised that my attitude and my thoughts have already been controlling my life without me consciously thinking about it. I asked myself, if Mother and Father had chosen a different girl, would that girl’s life have been entirely different from mine. This girl may not have been so willing to develop the same relationship with Mother and her friends. She may have been unwilling to work with her tutors. After a short time, they may have taken her back to school and her life would not have changed the same way as mine had. This is when I came to realise that our choices do indeed influence the life that we are living.”

“I also came to realise how much control my thoughts had over my physical body. A medical student, who attended one of our discussion groups, spoke about the phenomenon of some opium addicts quitting the drug and having no withdrawal symptoms. Was this the same as the placebo effect? Possibly, the addict traded the opium habit for another addiction. Personally, I came to believe that when an addict becomes passionate about something, the drug is no longer the centre of his life. He now will concentrate on his new passion. Could we call his new passion an addiction? It seems that a very passionate person has all of the symptoms of an addict.”

“Later, I talked to people who were doing experiments with the effects of thoughts on the physical body. At school, we learned that the speed of light is the fastest speed that anything could travel. This may not be true. Could we consider thought to be faster than the speed of light? We hypothesise that thoughts exists everywhere in the Universe at the same time. An example of this is the many cases of a mother, lover,

or wife sensing that the man in their life is in trouble. These women will sense this even though the man is half way around the world in a battlefield. The realisation that a loved one is in distress comes to these women immediately and this is far faster than the speed of light. The hypothesis is that thoughts travel on the Æther instantaneously since all of the Æther moves in unison.”

“I asked what Æther was and a soft yet manly voice came from behind me. *Æther is what we are.* I turned around and fell instantly in love. His appearance took my breath away. I was looking upon the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen. He continued to speak, but I heard not one word of what he said. My head swam. My heart beat heavily. I must have looked a fool with my mouth gaping open. I regained my composure and quickly turned back. I now began to tune into his words. He stopped speaking but I could not turn to look. I felt myself turning red. I knew that I was behaving like a fool.”

“As people shuffled out to the room, I waited long enough to be sure that he had exited. I heard someone speak behind me. *Andrew is in true form today. His ideas are always novel.* I could barely make out the reply to this statement. *Oh no, not novel, he just recently resurrected them.* There was a general laughter as the voices faded into the distance.”

“What had come over me? Was I going insane? This question came to my mind. I did not know what was happening to me. But, I did know that I wanted to see this man again even though I was greatly frightened to do so.”

“The next day, right after breakfast, I was at the library researching facts concerning the Æther. The Ancient Greeks knew that there is a substance that they called the Æther. They stated that this substance exists everywhere, even in a vacuum. Many scientists today, agree that Æther does exist even though we have no means to detect it. They assume that radio waves travel on the Æther. I learned as a child that radio waves travelled on air but could not travel through a vacuum.

I now know that this is not true. Scientists feel that they have proved that radio waves will travel through outer space on the Æther”

“When I next saw Andrew; it was on the cricket field. I asked my companion who that chap was and he told me his name and a little about him. I could not quite understand my feelings but I cautiously sought out this creature of my dreams whenever I could. I was reluctant to approach him, knowing that I would be shy and tongue-tied. I watched him from a distance. Gradually, I grew less and less uncomfortable in his presence. I learned about an upcoming lecture on the Æther as it relates to our thoughts. I knew that Andrew would be there and I was resolved to also attend.”

She is starting to open up to me. I am very happy for this, but I can't help but wonder if these theories that she is talking about are all nonsense. I'll be doing my own research into these things. I am very interested in this Andrew Blenheim. Who was he? How would their relationship develop? In regards to myself, a sexual relationship with her is out of the question. Despite this, when I think about this Andrew Blenheim, I start feeling pangs of jealousy.

Note to the reader: I checked into it. As unbelievable as it may seem today, women at that time could not graduate from university. The universities felt that women should be grateful to attend classes but they had no need for a degree.

As I read this part, I kept wondering to myself, what is all of this talk about Æther? Before I read this journal, I had never heard of it. However, I have since read up on it in the library and indeed many people over the years believed in it and in fact many today believe in it. Some scientists are certain that it exists. What are we to think?

August 11

She went to Winnipeg to house sit for a friend, suggesting that I should meet her there.

I found that this friend, Dr. M, is living in a large, brick, Georgian style house, situated close to Assiniboine Park. The interior of the house matches the style of the exterior. When I entered the large foyer, she escorted me through a set of bevelled glass French doors into an impressive living room, decorated with expensive furniture. The furniture sits on a gleaming walnut floor. Porcelain figurines sit on end tables and behind the glass of two curio cabinets. Within the foyer is an impressive winding staircase to the upper level. The elaborate woodwork looks European. I told her how impressed I am with the house.

“Yes, Dr. M has an old English taste. I too, love this house. It has warmth that you don’t feel in newer homes. I could swear that I’m back in Cambridgeshire.”

She told me that Dr. M is away on vacation, but she has the full use of the house anytime that she is in town. “This is my sanctuary,” she stated to me. “I’ve known Horatio,” she paused, “I mean that I’ve known Dr. M for quite some years. He is, and has always been very special to me.”

Besides the servants, she has this house entirely to herself. She is not expecting Dr. M back for several weeks. She used the term *house sitting*, despite the fact that there are several servants daily coming into the house. I must admit that I did feel a pang of jealousy when she referred to him as Horatio. Why should I? After all, we don’t have a physical relationship.

Note to the reader: Who is this Dr. M? Does she refer to him as Dr. M to our author or does she use his full name? He tells us that she blurted out his first name, Horatio. Does that mean that she is on familiar terms with him? Throughout the two journals, Dr. M never appears in person.

August 12

Our relationship is changing. I’m finding that she is becoming more and more open with me. We walk and talk and we laugh. We are becoming very close friends and I’m beginning to feel that we are starting to become serious, despite my being younger than her. Occasionally, I will catch sight of a little bare skin on one of her breasts as she bends down or I will get a glimpse of her thigh as the wind blows her dress. At these times, I find myself to be physically attracted to her. She is slim and she still has youthful curves. I remember her smiling in the direct sun or even in the shadows and the lines on her face, which are few for her age, seem to disappear. Her eyes are clear and they sparkle like a teenager’s eyes. How does she keep her youthful appearance? I wonder about this. I feel certain that that she will soon reveal her secrets to me.

Today, after tea, we walked to the park. We chatted as we strolled along the path by the roses, which lead to the conservatory. As we walked side by side, I was surprised when her hand found mine. I clasped it tenderly. A feeling of comfort and warmth came over me.

It was after six when we returned to the house. “I’ll make us an omelette. Would you like that?” I nodded that I would. “It will only take a minute. Would you like toast?” I answered in the affirmative. I could hear her go to the back of the house. She returned with a bottle. “I learned the enjoyment of good wine when I lived in France. Did I tell you that I had lived in Normandy for a while?” I smiled but I did not answer. “Of course I never did. We have only just begun to become friends, haven’t we?”

I must admit that I barely tasted my omelette. My mind was concentrating on her. Even through her loose fitting blouse, I could see her feminine, youthful lines. “She’s a middle aged woman.” I thought silently. I can’t help myself. I’m deeply attracted to her. I know that it isn’t just her mind. I try to imagine her at eighteen or twenty. She must have been a beauty.

August 14

How different she is when we are away from the reserve. She takes on a very graceful and refined air as she moves about the house. As I watch her feet in white moccasins and the movement of her hands as she walks, she reminds me of a ballerina. Such grace, such charm such a woman, as I have never known before.

This time, she didn't even bother to ask. As I sat on the patio, she came out with two glasses of wine and without speaking, she handed me one. "Burgundy." She simply stated and then added. "Here's a toast to us and to the enjoyment in life." I smiled as we both took a sip from our glasses.

After supper, we had long conversations with more wine and then brandy. We then went up and it seemed only natural that we should sleep together. I didn't resist. I couldn't resist. This morning I woke up with her head resting on my chest. It had been wonderful. It wasn't vulgar, as some people would imagine it might be. Some people may concentrate on the fact that we are two people with quite a few years difference in ages. I know that I love her. I know that I need her. I know that our relationship will never be the same.

August 16

I discovered that Dr. M also has a Magnetophon. I asked her if she minded if I recorded some of our conversations so that I could review them. I told her that, with all of the information that she was giving me I'm having a hard time remembering things. She agreed as long as I never mentioned names while the recorder was running. I didn't dare tell her that I was also writing down our conversations in a journal. I did promise not to mention names if I ever revealed any of her stories. Why would she be so concerned if someone knows her name? Does she have secrets that I'm not aware of?

She has begun to tell me more about herself. She frequently tells me her thoughts. For some reason we have started to talk about her adoptive family. "Father was commonly known as a buffoon. He was jovial and always looked on the positive side. Despite his appearances and mannerisms, I found that inwardly he was a very serious person. It started with an innocent question."

"One afternoon when I was talking to Father about my studies into metaphysics and religions, I asked Father if he saw Jesus Christ as his personal friend and saviour. He abruptly became quite quiet which was strange for this consistently loquacious man. His eyes fell to the floor and he seemed to go into a deep reverie. As he looked up, he started to quote the well known answer that the editor of the New York Sun gave to eight year old Virginia O'Hanlon, when she wrote in, asking if there is a Santa Claus. *Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Clause.* He asked me if I had ever read that. I nodded in the affirmative and then I quoted from memory. *Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Clause. There is a veil covering the unseen world, which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all of the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond.*"

"Father smiled as he explained that, in reality, he is not the sociable lout that he appears to be. He stated that he had been a student of many languages. He read the scriptures in their original Greek as well as many books of antiquity. He stated that the story of Cinderella exists in many countries and that different people have translated this story into many languages. He also said that each country's version is slightly different but the basic story is always the same. This is also true with Santa Claus, also known as Cinderead Clothes, Father Christmas, Saint Nick, and various other names; the story of Santa Claus appears in many countries and various languages."

"I was surprised when he went on to say that truthfully, he sees the story of Jesus Christ as a fairy tale. A group of people approximately

two thousand years ago adapted a well-known and often told story about a miraculous birth, miracles, and a resurrection. They adapted this story to fit in with their own culture. He asked me to compare the teachings of Jesus Christ to those of the Buddha. He asked me if I could see much of a difference. Then he asked me if I could see the similarities between Jesus Christ and the Pagan Sun God.”

“He tried to explain his subterfuge by asking me if it would do any good if he exposed this story of Jesus Christ as an allegory to his congregation and further asking me what would Christians have if they did not have this myth to believe in? He stated that he has made a conscious choice to conform. He went on to say that, possibly, some of his congregation would agree with him when he claims that Jesus Christ is a myth and some may welcome the revelation; but he firmly believed that the majority would resent him.”

“He stated that his goal in life is to bring a little bit of happiness and comfort to people. He asked me if finding security and comfort in a myth, does anyone any harm. When a dying person speaks about heaven, he said that he assures them that they will find salvation. When a troubled person seeks guidance in Jesus, he encourages them to do so.”

“His exact words were, *My belief is that when one dies, they will be dead; as dead as a doornail. There will be no resurrection. There will be neither heaven nor hell.* He stated that he is certain that he will die in peace with a smile on his face. And in answer to my question he told me that just as Virginia has a Santa Clause, anyone who wishes may have a Jesus Christ.”

“I asked him if he minded if I declared to the world that there is no Jesus Christ. He gave me a tender and warm look that I had never witnessed from him previously. He stated that Mother and he have agreed upon one thing: They wanted to raise me to be a free thinker. They had introduced me to many different people and many schools

of thought. Their wish was always that I would seek my own path in life. If that means conformity, then so be it. If it means nonconformity, they would also accept that. He emphasised another point, which is that everything has a price. He advised me not to accept a path if I was not willing to pay the price. He also went on to say, ***It matters less what anyone thinks, it matters more that they do think.***”

“He went on to tell me that when Charles Darwin published his theories of evolution, he was not ostracised by his friends. The group of people whom he belonged to were all in agreement with him. He stated that Charles Darwin did not newly discover these theories of evolution. Others had discovered them many years before. Darwin’s circle of friends was quite familiar with them.”

“He stated that he chose conformity rather than choosing to expose Jesus Christ as a myth. Why did he do this? Firstly, he said that it wasn’t the right time in our society’s evolution and secondly, he did not want to pay the price of fighting and being ostracised. Also, he did not want to throw the baby out with the bath water. He emphasised that the Bible itself condones sin and violence and he stated that he did not advise reading this book to children. He wanted me to realise that in the Bible there are teachings of love, kindness, and hope, which he liked to bring to his congregation. If he would take these teachings away, he stated that he had nothing to replace them. He told me that it is easier for a king to rule if the populace believes that he rules by divine intention. It is also easier for people to accept teachings if they believe that they are the teachings of their god. He asked me if people would be less willing to accept his teachings only because that is what he personally believed in and not because they are divine teachings. His belief was that they would be less willing to accept his teachings about love, kindness, and hope. This is why he concentrated on the baby while I trying to hide the dirty bath water. After telling me all of this, he reached over and took my hands, one in each of his. Being a foot taller than me, he looked down on me and he asked if I knew that he and Mother loved

me and he told me that no matter what I did, they would always love me and care for me. Tears came to my eyes as he was speaking. It was the first time in many years that I truly felt loved.”

“After that day, when we were together by ourselves, I was always open and candid with Father. Surprisingly, he was familiar with everything that I brought up. As a young man, he had read extensively. Marrying late in life, he had plenty of time in his younger years to study and learn. He told me, on more than one occasion, that rational thought usually does not influence people. He added that, normally, people are influenced as well as manipulated through emotion. He further went on to say that, man would usually do almost anything to avoid pain. He stated that through experience he learned that this also includes emotional pain. He said that he has seen people go mad rather than endure mental stress. He told me about how he has seen some of these people become catatonic when they were in a traumatic situation. He also told me that he does not see anything wrong in a person finding the strength to endure through a fictitious being. One of his main goals was always to keep people from going insane.”

“I told him that it is my experience that we all have the power within us to endure. His answer was a question. He asked why that was and he proceeded to tell me why. He said that we have power to endure if we seek strength in the Cosmos, the Æther. I was shocked that he knew about the Æther. In fact, I was dumbfounded. I asked him why he did not teach people about the power that they could tap into. His answer to me was that people would not generally accept this. He added that he found it easier to teach what is generally accepted and that is why he would tell his parishioners to follow the teachings of Jesus as per the Sermon on the Mount.”

Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

“I asked him what he thought would happen if he told his congregation that they did not need Jesus Christ or any god for that matter and supposing that he told them that they only had to go to the Æther for this formula to work. He answered that the one thing that he understood was the futility of argument and conflict. People are not open to new ideas. But, they are open to the teachings of a god. He stated that he would always add that a church is a place for socialising and not a place for praying. He stated that he quotes the Bible to his parishioners. *When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.* He would then add that, for himself, he could remember that when the Bible referred to thy Father, he could translate this as the Æther.”

I asked if her father was open to the idea of metempsychosis. Her answer was that he was not. He felt that when one is dead, they are as dead as a doornail. She stated that in all honesty she knew that he did not believe in heaven and hell. This puzzled me because I feel that a belief in the Æther and a belief in reincarnation go hand in hand.

I’m worried. I’m aware of the fact that it was not long ago that a person could be hung or burned at the stake for voicing such blasphemous thoughts. We, as a society, think that we have grown past all of that but even today there are religious beliefs that are outlawed in Canada. What are the penalties for practising outlawed religions in Canada? I don’t know and I don’t want to find out. I do know that I am reluctant to talk about this to just anyone.

Note to the reader: The facts speak for themselves. Aboriginal religions and traditions, at this time in Canada were outlawed even though others enjoyed freedom of religion. Today, the veracity of the bible is under continual debate but in 1947 it would have been much more difficult for people to go against the grain. However, we are given an example of an Anglican priest who believes that the story of Jesus is an allegory. Was and is this common? I do not know. I do know that

the actions of many church leaders indicates that they do not believe what they profess to believe.

August 18

I have a hard time admitting to myself that I have pangs of jealousy whenever she is around another man, especially if the man is at all sexually attractive. I never thought that I could feel this animalistic emotion.

I answered the door and found a middle aged, well-groomed man dressed in a grey flannel suit. He introduced himself and stated that he wished to speak to her. By his good looks and expensively dressed appearance, I immediately looked upon him as competition for her affections. I feigned civility as I invited him in. When I informed her that he was waiting in the foyer, she did not seem at all surprised. "Oh, yes. Could you show him to the library?" When I told her that I had been quietly listening to my music and reading in the library, she shrugged and stated that that wasn't a problem and that I wouldn't be in the way. I felt somewhat relieved that I would be able to keep an eye on them.

I led him to the library where she was already waiting. I inquired if they would like refreshments. She suggested sherry, which I fetched along with two glasses. They sat close to the wall of windows overlooking the back yard while I moved across the room, by the radio where I had been listening to music. I lowered the volume on the radio in a pretense that they might find it distracting.

As they went on with their conversation, they did not seem to notice my presence. They conversed in French. She knows that I am unable to speak French but she is not aware that I am able to read French and I have no problems understanding conversations. I felt like a spy eavesdropping on the unsuspecting enemy.

I have to admit that I thoroughly enjoyed listening in on them even though what they were talking about was not earth shattering and it was none of my business. Was I perverse? Maybe I was but I cannot see any harm in it. I do admit that when he came to the door, I did feel a pang of jealousy that convinced me to listen in and to find out who this man is.

It soon became apparent that this man was a Roman Catholic priest who left the order. I surreptitiously took several glances at him. I concluded that he did indeed look like a priest. He would be in his early thirties and he is very clean cut with short and well-groomed dark hair that appeared to have a slight bit of hair tonic. The touch of grey at the temples gives him a distinguished air. Even at his age, he has smooth and soft olive-coloured skin that shows no blemishes. All through their conversation, he maintained a continual closed mouthed half smile that indicated, not superiority on his part, but more of an indication of inferiority to the one who he's looking at. Although he looks athletic, he has a slight frame and one could detect a slight femininity to him. I think that he definitely reeks of a seminary. In his youth, I wonder if he wasn't a chattel that some man would flaunt.

He described his new relationship with the Anglican Church. I concluded that he wished to be more than a priest within his new Church. He gave the impression that he has aspirations and possibly, he may think that she has some influence with the Anglican hierarchy. She soon straightened him out.

At first, there was much small talk. He has been away from the Catholic Church for three years and he is now married with two children. He is living what he believes to be a moral life according to the philosophies of the Anglican religion.

She was the one who took the conversation to a more serious level. "I assume that when you left the church, you were excommunicated?" He nodded in the affirmative. "Well, my dear fellow. I suggest that what

happened is that when you left the church you felt as if all of your clothes had been removed and you felt naked and alone in the cold wind and rain of our discriminating world.” He stated that her description didn’t exactly describe his feelings. “Unfortunately, my good fellow, when the Anglican Church came along and offered you a new set of clothing, you jumped at it. Is that not right?”

He looked somewhat uncomfortable. He now somewhat took on the look of a naughty little boy and she was the mother. She went on. “I suggest that rather than dressing in a new suit of clothes you should stand naked in the cold for a while. You will find that you will be able to become comfortable with your nakedness and after a time you will no longer need to be clothed. When this happens, you will realise that you are able to stand on your own. You see these suits of clothes that these religions or societies give to us are only hiding us from others and from ourselves. I suggest that you remove them at once and discover who you are.”

She noticed how uncomfortable he had become and she changed the topic. Was this for his benefit or for hers? “Tell me, in this book that you will be publishing, how much will you be divulging? Will you be describing your adventures in the seminary for example?” Despite his dark complexion, out of the corner of my eye I could see a slight blush on his cheek.

“I am concentrating on celibacy and the confessional.”

“I see. It seems to me that you will only be showing practices that do not occur in the Anglican Church?” It was evident that she was definitely putting him on the spot as he started to squirm in his chair. She continued. “Could you do me favour?” He nodded in the affirmative and she went on. “Could you include a chapter about the residential schools?”

He placed his hands together in front of himself in a prayer like gesture as priests have the habit of doing. “That, I am unable to do. You understand that I have no firsthand knowledge about these schools.”

“What you are saying is that the Anglican Church is also involved in these schools and that one who lives in a glass house should not throw stones.”

He got up to leave. He bowed and she followed him to the door. It doesn’t make sense but, in that moment, I felt sorry for this fellow. I realise that my suspicions and unwarranted jealousy were foolish.

Note to the reader: I was certain that this clue could be what I needed to identify this woman. If I could identify this former priest, it should be easy to identify her. I made some inquiries and I learned that a Lucien Vinet had published a book with the title I Was a Priest around this time. I searched the public libraries as well as the college and university libraries but I was unable to find a copy of this out of print book. I decided to use the method as described by our narrator in his September 2, 1947 entry. I envisioned this book and meditated on it. Several weeks later, I did indeed find a copy of this book in a tiny used bookstore on Portage Avenue in Winnipeg. However this copy is the French edition titled J’étais Prêtre de Rome. After reviewing this book, I felt that this might be our man since he concentrates only on celibacy and the confessional and acknowledges that he is purposely omitting the common degenerate behaviour in seminaries. However, my elation was short lived. Neil MacDonald informed me that there were scores of priests leaving the order around that time and there were numerous books published by former priests. How am I to be certain which one of these former priests visited her house?

August 19

We rose late this morning and rather than breakfast, we had an early light lunch with cold white wine on the patio. She started talking about

how she had tortured people. I asked if she was serious. “Oh yes,” she emphatically stated, “I tortured, I raped, and I pillaged.” She would not go into details. She promised to tell me all about it at a future date.

After lunch, we went upstairs and made love. When I awoke, her head was resting on my chest. I could feel her breathing deeply. Like a sleeping child, she was so peaceful. Even though I could feel pressure on my bladder, I did not move. Watching her sleeping so calmly and peaceful, I was reluctant to disturb her. I must have dozed off again. The next thing I knew, she was gone. I could hear her in the kitchen. I got up and went straight to the toilet. I then showered, shaved and dressed. When I went downstairs, the table in the kitchen was set. She smiled at me but said nothing.

We ate in silence; both of us peacefully caught up in our own thoughts. After we ate, we had coffee on the patio. We sat silently for a long time. Somehow, it did not seem awkward that we did not converse. What was she thinking? I don’t know. What was I thinking? I don’t remember.

It started to grow dark and because there are large trees around the house that blocked the street lights, the stars were bright. She spoke and her words snapped me from my reverie. “Do you see the bright star just above the spruce tree?” I nodded, “Yes, I do.”

“How would you like it if I gave that star to you?” My lips were silent and I must have had a puzzled look on my face since she didn’t wait for my answer. “You don’t understand how I could give you something that I don’t own.”

I was briefly silent but finally my voice came. “Well, it does seem somewhat ridiculous. I don’t know if I should be taking you seriously.”

She smiled. “That is the feeling that the Plains People had when the barbarians came and offered to buy land from them. The barbarians could not understand the Plains Peoples’ way of thinking. Was this because of the Plains People’s religion? No, I would not call it a religion.

It is more of a belief. No, it is more than a belief. It is knowledge. Do you understand that?” I shook my head, no.

“I was there. In a former life, I was there. I understand now what happened. How the barbarians work. It was much like the good cop and bad cop routine. I was a young boy, possibly fifteen years of age when I came with a small group of men to befriend the Plains People. Our mission was to gain their trust and to learn about them. I knew nothing about the real reasons why we were sent to investigate these people. The company took me on as a lackey and I did exactly as instructed. I knew that they were in the position to physically punish me if I did not follow strict orders. I realise now that the knowledge about the Plains People that we gathered and sent back to the ones in charge would be to the Plains Peoples detriment as well as mine. I don’t know who these people in charge were. I do know that somehow the knowledge that we sent back got into the hands of what I refer to as the bad cops.”

“When the barbarians offered to buy land off of the Plains People, the Plains People just laughed. How could anyone buy something that nobody could own? Their traditional belief is that no one could own anything. One is born naked with no possessions and one dies naked with no possessions. It was true that people would have material things buried alongside themselves. They expected that these material things would rot with their body and thus feed Mother Earth, the provider of all things. As the seed, when buried, multiplies; all things, when buried multiply. The soul leaves the body and the body is left behind to feed the earth and to provide nutrition to allow new homes for souls to form and grow.”

“The Plains People understood that everything that they possess does not belong to them. You may misunderstand this and think that I am saying that all belongings are community property. This is not the way that the Plains People see it. They look upon everything as belonging to the Universe. Even your body belongs to the Universe and is returned to Mother Earth to be renewed.”

“For example, if a man makes a canoe and he leaves it by the river; another man may make use of the canoe if he chooses to do so. He would not be stealing it. He would use it, and if it were in his power, he would return it in good repair. This concept is foreign to the barbarians. Plains People told the barbarians to feel free to plant seed in the cultivated gardens. The barbarians automatically assumed that the Plains People had given these gardens to them. Later, when the Plains People planted seed in these gardens, the barbarians were upset and called the Plains People *Indian Givers*.”

I had a bit of a difficult time understanding what she was saying. I asked her outright. “Have you lived many other lives?”

“I don’t know how many lives I have lived. I remember living other lives but I am unable to recall entire lives. I remember the parts that come to my mind as I meditate. When I go into meditation, I will think about what I would like to know. When I am drifting into meditation visions of another life will come to me. This is much the same as watching a movie. People are usually afraid of these visions. They don’t know what is happening and they are unable to understand it.”

Note to the reader: I am certain that if any person publically declared that they could remember former lives, they would be committed to an insane asylum. This idea goes completely against our society’s common beliefs.

Her musings have put many questions and doubts in my mind. I am almost tempted to try to go back to a former life. How would I go about doing it? Could I find someone who admits that they have done this? Neil MacDonald admitted to me that he is familiar with these ideas but he becomes reticent when I ask him questions about his personal experience on this subject.

August 20

She was in a very talkative mood.

“When I came back to Canada from England, I looked for and found my older cousin. We were at residential school together. When I went to stay with Mother and Father, she remained at the school. I wondered what had happened to her. Even as a child, she had visions of other lives. The old people told her that she had lived in other bodies but they warned her not to tell anyone. They told her that the barbarians would punish her for her thoughts. Indeed, there were examples of people that they had taken away and declared to be insane because they had visions. The People gave examples from the barbarian teachings. They talked about white people who had visions and rather than being declared insane; the barbarians referred to them as being saints. The barbarians emphasised that Indians could not be saints since they have no souls.”

“I found my cousin in Selkirk, in a mental hospital. It was difficult for me to recognise her. Her eyes were dead and her speech was slow and laboured. She did seem to recognise me when I told her who I was. More than twenty years had passed and we both had changed. Where was the vivacious girl with sparkling eyes that I once knew? I had brought her a box of chocolates and I handed it her. She turned to place the box of chocolates on the chair beside the one that she was sitting on. As she turned her head I saw the tell tale scar. They had lobotomised her. When she turned back to me, I looked into her eyes. They were vacant. Normally, as I peer into a person’s eyes I am able to see their soul. I searched but I could not see her soul. I only saw a blank and vacant stare. Where was her soul? Did it leave her body when they had removed parts of her brain? Did her body exist with no soul? Was she one of the walking dead, a zombie? It certainly seemed that way.”

“I asked her a few questions. She could not even remember much of the life that she was now living; how could I expect her to remember

any former lives? I left her and when I had walked far enough so that no one could see me, I broke out in tears. Even though I do not believe in the barbarian god, what came to my head and what I spoke out loud was, *There, but for the grace of god, go I.*"

She came back to the present. "I'm a Half-Breed from up north. Why did I adopt the Plains People as my own? In a former life, I lived on these plains and I will tell you what life was like."

"As I have already told you, the Plains People travelled with the seasons. Before the big influx of Europeans, there were over two million bison and more than a million antelope on the plains. The largest bison were over six feet tall at the hump. Others were no more than five feet. The People had domesticated the smaller bison much the same as reindeer. The Plains People would follow the bison north in spring to the summer grazing grounds and back south in the fall."

"In the summer grazing grounds, hundreds of thousands of bison would graze on prairie grass which, in some areas, grew so tall that the bison could literally disappear as they walked into it. To a person standing on a mound, the grasses blowing in the wind looked much the same as an ocean with swells and waves. This illusion of a sea seemed to go to the end of the earth. From a high mound, even on a clear day, one could not see the end of the grassland. Throughout the grasslands were islands of willow, oak, maple, poplar, and birch. Within these bluffs of trees would be a source of good water, usually a creek but often a spring. The people would set up their summer village within the natural protection of these bluffs. Small villages were scattered across all of the western plains."

"One old man told me about the cities that used to exist in what is now Mexico. He said that thousands upon thousands of people lived in a city and there were many such cities. He talked about sewer and water systems. He told me about large lakes that refurbished the wastewaters. On the lakes, bordered by cattails and other aquatic vegetation, there

were floating islands that had trees and other plants growing on them. He explained that the roots from these plants, dangling in the water, would purify the waters. He claimed that at the outlets from one of these lakes, one could safely drink the water. He explained that when the Spanish came and destroyed one city that he happened to be in, he had escaped and he took refuge with the Plains People. Several of the Plains People told me that this man was over three hundred years old. Do I believe that? Well, let me say that I do not disbelieve it. I personally know that people have lived for several hundred years. Take the example of Ponce de Leon. Have you ever read about his search for the fountain of youth?"

I told her that I had read about the Europeans taking South American natives as slaves to Europe. The Europeans discovered that these people seemed to never age. Rather than look for the real reasons for this, the Europeans assumed that there was a magical cause for perpetual youth. They somehow got it into their heads that there was a secret fountain of youth hidden somewhere in the Americas.

"Our orders as good cops were to befriend the Plains People and to live with them. I had been educated so I knew how to read and write. It was the responsibility of everyone to keep a daily journal. The journals were the property of the company and we had to return them to the company. After a year, they promoted me to a full clerk. This meant that I earned a higher wage. We received no cash. The Plains People provided us with food, clothing, and shelter. Four times a year, the company deposited our quarterly salary into our bank account back east. We were allowed to withdraw from this account when we went east on our leave."

"The leader of our group was known as the Factor. He carried gold and silver with him. If there were any expenses, he would look after them. I had no need for money."

“We gleaned as much information from the people as we could. We wrote all daily events in our journals including weather conditions. Looking at it from my current life, I realise that we were spies. After spending some time at one village, we travelled to the next village. We always travelled with guides and the senior clerks who were familiar with navigation would draw maps of our journeys. On the maps, they would show all of the villages and any landmarks. I now realise that our efforts made it very easy for the bad cops when they came to conquer. We had charted all of the villages on the maps. Because the people went to the same villages each summer, it was simple to find them. In addition, because the villages were miles apart and the bad cops made sure that there were no survivors, it was not likely that there would be any forewarning for the next village. I was such a fool to allow them to deceive me by this subterfuge. I had no idea that my work would lead to decimation. I always imagined that there would be a peaceful co-existence between the People and the barbarians.”

“The Plains People existed as they had for generations. Perhaps things had not changed for thousands of years. Living in a village was like living in a rest home. There was little need for the people to work more than a few hours a day. Many hands make all tasks easy. For a few hours a day people would work in the garden, gather wood and bison chips for fuel. They would gather fruit, grind corn, and cook meals. All clothing was handmade and people were well dressed since there was always plenty of time to sew in the long afternoons and evenings. People gathered fish from the rivers, streams, and lakes. In our modern society, we would describe the Plains Peoples’ way of life as retirement. In fact they had more leisure time than most modern people do, in retirement.”

“Each village had one hundred or more inhabitants. There were a dozen or so medium sized dogs and a few alpacas and llamas. These animals grazed freely with the bison. The People kept an occasional llama or alpaca in the village for milk to drink and wool for clothing.

When the villagers moved, they harnessed llamas to a travois, which was loaded with household provisions. They would use alpacas to pull the smaller travois, which carried any children who were too young to walk. When the herds migrated, they moved at a walking pace; gently grazing on the way. It was a leisurely walk for the people to move north and south with the change in seasons. As they migrated, they would move from village site to village site along the way.”

“The people were exceptionally fit and healthy. I never saw a Plains Person that was obese or emaciated. Generally, they were slim but muscular with exceptional strength. When they smiled, they had beautiful white teeth, which they kept healthy by polishing them with a stick. Their skin was smooth and clear and even the old people had few wrinkles. I knew several men who were close to one hundred years of age who had no grey hair. Even these old people had clear dark eyes with no signs of cataracts. In those days, I never saw a Plains Person with any suggestion of illness. Everyone was exceptionally healthy and happy.”

“The one flaw that I noticed with these people was the easy way that they would conform. Only a few of the people would meditate. These people, the villagers treated as prophets and the People took their suggestions very seriously. They treated these prophets a lot like gods. It was common for an Elder’s words to be treated much the same as the word of god is treated by some other people. When I look back at it now, I believe that the Elders who meditated would leave their bodies. Their souls would wander the Universe. Very often, these Elders would speak about the foreign places which they had seen. The People accepted that these Elders did indeed leave their bodies to visit foreign lands. They believed that these Elders could see what was happening in other villages and could predict when strangers would arrive since they could see them as they approached. People often said that the Elders flew with the eagles.”

"I was told that when the villages were being destroyed, it was the Elders who first saw the events and had warned the people of the coming catastrophe. Some of the people felt that the vision was a premonition of a certain fate. These people were content to sit and wait for the inevitable. It took much coaxing by the Elders to finally get some of these people to leave the condemned villages."

She then told me to turn the Magnetophon off, but she did concede to continue the next day. She suggested that we should go for a walk through the park, which we did. We crossed a walking bridge and ended up on the other side of the river where we strolled up and down some of the streets.

Note to the reader: She continually mentions the soul leaving the body. Again, I ask, is this possible? I have talked to other people who have claimed to do this but only after taking some type of drug and I am aware of experiments done in Montreal with hallucinogenic drugs. However, to have the soul actually leave the body, I am having a very hard time believing this even though, as I have stated, I have spoken to people who have had near death experiences. Somehow, I wonder if they were just having a dream.

When I discussed the soul's exiting the body with Neil MacDonald, he quoted Napoleon Hill to me. "I have seen the impossible happen so many times that I know that there is no such thing as the impossible." He then related a story to me. He told me that during the Great Depression, when he was living in Québec, he was active with the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. At the time, he and some of his fellow members were being investigated by the RCMP due to their socialistic views and for the fact that they participated in anti-war public demonstrations. One of their more vocal members habitually wore a swastika prominently displayed on his arm. This activist's hero was no other than Adolf Hitler whom he emulated and during the Second World War, in order to avoid conscription; this fellow crossed the border into the USA. After the war, when this man was back in

Canada, he audaciously declared to his friends that one day he would be elected as the Prime Minister of Canada. Neil stated that the whole group laughed at this conceited braggart because for him to become Prime Minister was an impossibility. However, Neil then went on to say. "You and I both have witnessed what happened. Thirty years later, when people forgot about his traitorous activities, this man indeed was elected Prime Minister on more than one occasion."

Life seems to have no logic.

August 21

We continued where we left off yesterday. I get the feeling that she feels somewhat agitated and uneasy about telling me her story.

"When I was nineteen or twenty years of age I met a young girl in a village close by the mountains. I believe that she may have been about fifteen years of age. At the time, it was hard to tell ages with the Plains People since it seemed that they never aged. I was staying in this village for a few weeks one summer while I was working on my maps. One evening when I was visiting a friend, his granddaughter entered the tent. She was of small stature and extremely shy and bashful. Her beauty shocked and amazed me. Her skin was lighter than most of the villagers' as if she spent a great deal of her time indoors out of the sun and wind. I tried to converse with her but she would avert her eyes and answer so softly that I had a hard time understanding her. Daily, I visited this old man and I looked for every excuse for not moving onto the next village."

"I observed this graceful creature at every opportunity. She always wore a long, white doeskin dress that was so soft and supple that it followed her body like the finest silk dress. Women, in the evenings, would chew on the doeskin to make it soft and pliable. It was obvious that someone had chewed this skin thoroughly to make her dress. The grandmother

laughed when I mentioned this fact. It was clear to me that grandma had made the dress and she took my comment as a compliment.”

“I had no choice but to eventually leave the village but I made it clear to the grandfather that I would be back in a few months. I was concerned that the village would up and clear out ahead of my return. Villages periodically moved as the bison moved onto new pasture. It was not difficult to make this move since there were thousands of bluffs scattered across the prairies. I was anxious to return and see the object of my delight.”

“All summer, I could not get the sight of this girl out of my mind. She had bewitched me and I meant to make her mine. I worked more diligently than ever that summer just to distract myself from the ache in my heart. Nightly as I lay down in my bed, visions of her would flood my head and I must admit that I enjoyed the tormenting sexual fantasies that invaded my brain while I slept. Often, I would wake up wet from sweat and other bodily fluids. Now, I knew what people were talking about when they spoke of being obsessed. Much to my amazement and to my delight, this young girl’s grandfather sent a message to me indicating that, if I so desired, I could take his granddaughter for my wife. We were married soon after.”

“In my travels, I came upon a village where the people were quite distinct from other Plains People. They spoke a dialect that I could not understand. One of my guides acted as an interpreter for me. He related a strange tale, which even today surprises me when I think about it. These people looked quite similar to the Plains People. As I came to know them, I could see that their tents, their clothing, their mannerisms, their stature, and their facial features were different enough to be noticeable. It was as if these people were distant relatives to the Plains People that I knew.”

“My interpreter told me that these people came from Europe which I found hard to believe since they looked more Asian than European.

They spoke about how they had lived a similar life across the large sea. I suspected that they were referring to Lake Superior. I deduced that they were an east coast group of Indians. They however denied this. They said that came from beyond the great lakes. It was from the same continent where the white man came from. In their former home, they had tended to herds of deer rather than bison. They stated that in their homeland, they had followed the deer that migrated to summer grazing grounds each year much the same as the bison did. They stated that their people, in Europe, had led a similar life as the Plains People were living in North America.”

“I asked them how they came to cross the ocean. They told us that their government had used trickery to lure them onto the ships that brought them across the Atlantic to be slaves in their government’s settlement. Their government expected them to fish and farm. The people were not happy to be enslaved. They heard about the Plains People who roamed with the bison and because of these stories; these people felt a kinship with the Plains People. A small group escaped from slavery and ventured west to seek the bison people. The Mandan, who roamed freely across the country on their ponies, befriended these foreigners. The Mandan guided these people to the plains where the Plains People accepted them as relations of theirs. A Mandan whom I had befriended verified this tale. But, I still could not believe that they originally came from Europe.”

“While we were travelling on the vast plains; our group of workers crossed paths with another group of surveyors. Upon questioning them, we found out that, they worked for the same company as we did and that they were on the same mission as we were. We discussed where we came from and where we had planned to travel. We discovered that we had travelled farther north than our orders had instructed us to. We had made some mistakes in calculating our position. We discovered that our timepiece was not reading right. Had someone neglected to rewind the spring? We had been taking our readings at

night and we had not verified the correct time of day for several weeks. The next day at noon hour, we adjusted our timepiece with the use of our sundial. It had been off by a few hours.”

“We had a most interesting visit with these fellow workers. One of the men told me that he had been working for the company for over fifty years. He was still young looking, slim and spry for his age, albeit quite white haired. I talked to him about the European deer people. He verified that they indeed had come from Europe. He told me about a Swedish settlement on the east coast of North America. The Swedes brought hundreds and possibly thousands of these people to North America in order to stake a claim on this continent. After Sweden went into a deep recession, the Swedish government abandoned the settlement along with the people who lived in the settlement. Some of the white Swedish people are trying to save enough money for passage back to Sweden while others chose to accept their fate and make a new start in the Americas. The deer people, who were former slaves in the Swedish settlement, had heard about the bison herders and they decided that they could easily adapt to the life style that the Plains People lived. This man also told me that there were now several villages of these former deer herders living on the prairie. They had successfully adapted to the lifestyle of the Plains People.”

“Time passed quickly and it seemed that in no time I realised that I had spent ten years on this one project. The company then called me back east since the term of my contract was up. I now had the option to leave the company and cash in my account. I loved my life on the prairies and I had left behind a wife and three children so I was anxious to renew my contract and to return to the prairie, which I now looked upon as my home. The company thanked me for my good work and they offered to convert the money in my account to company shares. This I accepted. I was then assigned to another project and I was given a letter of introduction to be given to the Factor of one of our more isolated forts.”

“I was only at the new fort for a very short time before I realised that it would be futile to ask permission to send for my wife and children. This fort exclusively housed men. It was a secret, military training fort. What was our purpose? What was our mission? What did the company expect of us? All that we were told was that there were threats to the company’s assets and personnel and we were being trained to protect these assets. We were not officially army personnel. We did not wear uniforms; however, we had a large arsenal consisting of small arms and some canons. We were taught to use sabres, bayonets and knives as weapons.”

“Some of the men at the fort had signed contracts and were working directly for the company. Most men however, seemed to be ruffian soldiers of fortune who often would forget about their duties and carry on drinking and merrymaking.”

“For my part, I said nothing. I waited to see what would happen. I recognised a newcomer whom I had seen on the prairie. He had been a fellow clerk who had been surveying south from where I was working. It was good to see a fellow company man with a similar background. He was as much in the dark as I was. When I asked him exactly what we were supposed to be doing, he had no answer. He advised me, that rather than risking our shares in the company, we should do as our superiors were telling us to do. I could not argue with this. The company was the law in these parts and they could jail us or have us shot at their discretion. Nobody would be concerned and nobody would ask any questions. He told me that company men often disappeared on a regular basis and if no relatives claimed their shares, then the shares would revert to the company. His exact words were that *they have us by the agates*.”

“I told him that I had a wife and children. He advised me that I had best be quiet about that. He also advised me that his plan was to survive until his contract was up at the end of his five years and then he would cash in his shares and go farming.”

“It was in late spring when the first dogs arrived. I could not believe what I was seeing when these six dogs came out of the wagon. One of my fellow employees exclaimed, *They’s ain’t no dogs; they’s horses*. One knowledgeable fellow told me that they were Mastiff Hounds. Each dog must have weighed at least one hundred and fifty pounds. Their mouths seemed large enough to swallow a rabbit, whole. We soon found out what these dogs’ purpose was. The company was bringing these dogs up from Mexico. Apparently, the Spanish had been using these dogs for years to keep the Indians in line. The Spanish had trained these dogs to hunt and kill Indians. Apparently, they trained the dogs to leave Indians in peace until their master told them to *get em*. The dog’s master could point in a direction, even if it was into a bush, and the dog would go straight in that direction until he came across his prey. If the master ordered that dog to keep the prey at bay, the dog would howl as he kept his prey from moving until his master arrived. The dogs would run through crowded streets, leaving the white people alone but they could pick out an Indian in the crowd. Throughout the spring, more dogs arrived. Eventually, I counted forty eight dogs in total.”

“In early summer, we were given our orders. We were to start moving west and then north with the understanding that the company would send further instructions to us as we moved along the route. I had a foreboding feeling that gave me great anxiety. I felt that they had duped me. I had four years to go. Could I stick it out?”

“I discovered that the leaders were in possession of the very maps that I and the others had drawn up and they knew where every hill, valley, ravine, ridge, creek, river, and bluff of trees was. The thought that they also knew where every village was caused me such great anxiety that at times I became literally sick. Was I overreacting? I hoped that I was. I had a feeling that orders would come for us to do things that I, in normal times, could never do. Could I do them now? I had constant thoughts about escaping. If caught, I could be flogged and hung. The

company could not lose. If I was not caught, and I escaped, I would be forfeiting my shares.”

“Weeks went by and we daily marched along. I walked with several hundred other men while I counted thirty-two men riding horses. We also had more than a dozen packhorses. Game was plentiful but we occasionally ate popcorn or bean soup since dried corn and dried beans have little weight for the amount of energy that they give a person.”

“When we came close to the first village, we camped and the senior leader gave us our orders. Just before dawn, we surrounded the village. We kept our distance so that we would not alarm anyone. The village dogs were the first to notice our whereabouts. We could hear them growling and wandering about sniffing at the air. Just as the day was breaking, the dog masters pointed to the village and told the Mastiffs to kill. The village dogs did not stand a chance. The Mastiffs easily slaughtered the smaller dogs. The village was in mayhem as the people were rudely aroused from their sleep. The dog masters went in after the Mastiffs and then, as a single unit, the remaining men from our group closed in on the village and whatever people had survived from the attack of the Mastiffs were slaughtered. The men in front did the killing. They used knives and sabres. Each man carried a pistol. Our orders were to use firearms only when necessary. We were not to waste ammunition and we were to make as little noise as possible. Behind the first wave of men, there were men with rifles who bayoneted any survivors. The Mastiffs chased down anyone who managed to run away.”

“There were a few added orders. We could keep anything that we pilaged. In addition, almost as an afterthought the speaker added that there were to be no survivors. We were told that we could keep a few young girls to satisfy our lustful desires but they were to be slaughtered, like the rest, before we leave the settlement. The Mastiffs feasted on the corpses. It turned out to be a gruesome sight.”

"I thought about the rational that the company gave us for this brutal slaughter. The company representative stated. *These people are our enemy. I know them well. If allowed, they will stab you in the back. They are currently laying low but they are planning to rise up and wage war on the white man. Without an element of surprise and cunning, we will not win this war. We have to eliminate this threat before they have the chance to slaughter us.*"

"As these words resounded in my head I understood the false justifications and the bestiality of those who we were dealing with. My worst nightmares had come true. What duplicity had I fallen for? I felt so stupid. I wanted to kill the speaker. I wanted to run. I wanted to go to my wife and children. I wanted to protect them. I did nothing. I had signed a contract. In the eyes of the law, I was no different from a slave."

"I sat a little ways from the village for a long time as the slaughter and rape took place. Finally, as everyone started to disperse, I realised that I was sticking out like a lone spruce tree. I rose and travelled with the group."

That night I lay awake with my eyes wide open. By morning, I came up with a plan. At each village, I would be in the very back with a rifle. I would not have to kill. They expected me to kill anyone who managed to escape past the Mastiffs. My plan would be to not attack. As it turned out, I did not have to kill anyone. I found out that anyone who managed to escape was soon overtaken by one of the dogs."

"The bugle sounded each morning for us to rise. We always ate a very light breakfast. They informed us that a hungry man made a better soldier. So now, we were soldiers. I almost laughed at this remark. As I had planned, I always stayed in the back of the group. I felt that I was lucky, since the career soldiers with some killing experience were anxious to go in first. By the comments that they made, I realised how much they enjoyed this. I can still hear their vulgar talk. One of them stated. *When I see the blood, I get so hard that I almost ache. When I get*

a hold of one of those young bitches, I'm always fit enough to go six times before I go limp. I was sick."

"It all went faster than I first imagined. The killings were over in a matter of minutes. It was the teasing and continual raping that took time. Occasionally, a few of the men wanted to keep a particularly beautiful girl for more fun later in the evening. The leaders denied this and the girls were always disposed of before we left the village. Everyone knew that if one of us tried to hide anything from the men in charge, there would be no mercy. Punishment was swift and cruel. A few of the men wondered aloud if the Mastiffs would kill a white man. None of the men wanted to find out. The threat from these dogs seemed to keep the men in check better than the threat of a noose."

"We marched to village after village. Each time I managed to avoid being in the front. I could see that sometimes a villager put up a fight or a struggle. It was futile for them and the villagers seemed to know this since for the most part the villagers just stood there in shock. I am sure that they could not believe what was happening. It must have been a nightmare to them. After countless generations of living peacefully, the men knew nothing about warfare. They did not even have weapons. Knives and hatchets were utilitarian. None of them knew how to use them as weapons. It did not take very many months before they learned. In addition, they learned the white man's way of taking scalps. Governor Cornwallis on the east coast of North America started this tradition. His proclamation offering a bounty for Indian scalps is still on the law books today. Scalping is used by the oppressors to remind the Indians that the white man has full power and control over them."

"I dreaded the day when I would come across my wife and children. What would I do? Luckily, we were too far south. I overheard one of the senior men say that there fifty or more gangs. The same slaughter was being carried out everywhere on the prairies. I made a mental tally and came up with the figure of ten thousand men hunting down Indians."

“Remarkably, during the slaughter, the bison did not scatter. They usually grazed a little way from the villages. The sound of the massacre and even the odd discharge of a firearm did not seem to bother them. Of course they probably had never heard these sounds before and we were at least a mile away.”

“I kept count as we progressed. We managed to surprise thirty-seven villages. How many thousands did we kill? I don’t know. Finally, the word got out. Possibly, someone had gone to visit a village to find it decimated. We came to a vacated village. The people were nowhere in sight. We knew that once we leave, the people would return. Therefore, before we left, as we had done to all of the previous villages, we destroyed the gardens and then we burned the dwellings to the ground. We moved on to find village after village vacated.”

“One day a lone horseman, with new orders, rode into our camp. We were to backtrack a hundred and thirty five miles to meet up with another troop. The next morning we packed up and started on our journey. It was an easy journey. The weather was cool. Food and water were abundant, and the men seemed exhilarated.”

“At the rendezvous place we received new orders. Someone had lined up a long row of cannons. Our orders were to break up into smaller groups. Each group would take cannons, horses, and ammunition. Ten groups would travel together.”

“When we came to our first herd of bison we soon found out what our strategy would be. The charts showed where all of the ridges and ravines were located. The cannons would be located around the herd in such a manner that when they fired and the bison stampeded, they would be directed toward the ridge, ravine or other point where they would fall far enough to seriously injure or kill themselves. The slaughter of the bison began.”

“With the sound of the first cannon shot the bison looked bewildered. The ones closest to us jumped and moved sideways to get away from

the source of the noise. After a few more shots, the herd began to move. We fired cannons to keep the bison moving in the desired direction. The herd sped up with the sound of each canon until they were running. Men on horses pursued the bison while yelling and whooping and occasionally firing a firearm. Each time it took several days for the cannons to catch up to the remaining herd. After the strategic placing of the cannons, we repeated the whole scenario.”

As summer turned to fall and the green grass turned brown, we began to stampede the bison by lighting strategically placed grass fires to move the bison in the direction intended. We did not stop until the snows came. We then headed south to the fort. We were told that we had done *a good summer’s work*.”

She stopped talking and sat silent as she stared into the ground. Obviously, this was causing an emotional strain that was exhausting for her. I waited for her to recover but it did not happen. As it eventually grew dark, I wandered into the house and went to bed. I left her sitting at the patio table.

Note to the reader: I have read books on the subject of people remembering past lives. Some argue that these people are visionaries and others argue that they are not sane. Who is right?

The book written by Howard Zinn that I previously mentioned, describes the pacifist nature of the North American Indian.

August 22

This morning, I rose early. When I went downstairs, she was happily making omelettes while singing a gay song. She chattered away about all sorts of inane topics as we ate and then drank our coffee. I said nothing until we moved out to the garden to enjoy another coffee on the patio. I asked her what it was like when she remembered a former life. She asked me if I had ever been in a strange town or city and as I

walked down a street, for some reason, I knew exactly what was around the corner. I answered that yes that had happened on a few occasions. She explained that sometimes the knowledge about what was around the corner came from a former life. She then went on to explain this strange theory about remembering former lives. I am setting her tale down as best that I am able to remember since my mind continued to wander as I was contemplating what she was saying. All through her story, on several occasions, I had to bring myself back to reality.

“When I was young, I was taught that a spaceship travelling in outer space would not be able to communicate with earth because of the fact that radio waves do not travel in a vacuum. We have since found that this is not true. Radio waves do travel through a vacuum and therefore through outer space. The ancients believed that there is no such thing as a vacuum since the Æther permeates everything. Thus we deduce that the radio waves that scientists receive from the Milky Way are travelling, not in a vacuum, but on the Æther.”

“You see, the Æther, in reality is like a huge brain and we are living within this brain. This brain permeates everything including our body and everything in the Universe. Like the brain in our heads, the Æther stores every event that has ever happened. It also stores all knowledge. If we want to re-live past events or if we want to seek some knowledge, all that we need to do is to tap into the Æther. It is that simple.”

I could not help asking one simple question. I asked her if the Æther stored everything, when we remember a former life, could we not be tapping into the memory of someone else's former life and not our own. She acknowledged that this could be true. In fact, she admitted that she has had discussions in her Cambridge groups about this very topic. What memory is ours and what memory belongs to someone else, we cannot be sure. Could it be that we, in fact, have only one life but, we believe that we have more than one life because we have the ability to tap into other peoples' memories? This reincarnation theory

is not as simple as it first appears to be. I asked her more about the Æther. How did she tap into it and how did it work?

“When you go into a deep sleep your body at a certain point becomes paralysed. This is the point when you leave your body. You see, your body is not you. What we refer to as the soul is actually you. The body is just a house that you temporarily live in. Your body is indeed a reflection of you. You have full control over your body so that what you think about yourself manifests itself in your body. If you think well about yourself, your body appears healthy and fit. If you think poorly about yourself, your body appears unhealthy and unfit.”

“Getting back to when you leave your body. You will enter into the Æther and you will travel wherever you wish. You travel faster than the speed of light. This is because you exist everywhere in the Universe at the same time. If you think of Paris, bingo you are there with no time in between. Let me give you an example. When a husband, lover, or son is injured or killed half way around the world, the wife or mother will often know that her loved one is injured. This knowledge will come to her instantaneously. There is no time delay. This is because thoughts occur everywhere in the Universe at the same time. There is never a time delay.”

“When the soul comes back to the body, all memory of the travel is usually forgotten. This is the body's way of self-preservation. The body has the capability to forget. Without this ability to forget, we would go mad. These memories would flood the brain. We wouldn't know how to handle the emotions that these memories bring out in us.”

“What one needs to learn is to develop the ability to remember selected events. How do we do this? It is with practice. One does not need drugs to space travel. Some people will use drugs to help them exit the body. I feel that the drugs muddle the brain and possibly the memories are distorted.”

“What I do is to go into deep meditation and as my mind clears, I picture what I want to know about. I will ask for certain knowledge or I will think about certain places or a certain period in history. As I concentrate on what it is that I wish to witness, I tell my brain that I will remember everything right down to the smallest detail and I envision remembering everything. I then go into a deep trance and when I wake, the memory of my journey is there. I quickly write it down or dictate it so that I will not forget.”

She went on to tell me that the Æther is a source of all knowledge and all things. “If you tap into the Æther and ask, you shall receive. If you knock, the door will open for you. If you seek, you shall find.” As before, she talked about the Bible. “Jesus tells us to pray in secret, not in a synagogue.” She explained that when you ask for something, you must clearly picture what you are asking for. If you ask with the feeling that you already have what you are asking for, it shall be yours.

I decided to try her theories out for myself. First, I wanted to learn more about what she had learned at Cambridge. I wanted to learn all of the secrets that she knew. I asked her for her help.

“All that you need to do is to tap into the Æther. When one goes into meditation while concentrating on what he needs to know, the Æther will deliver this knowledge. This knowledge may not come immediately but it will come and when it comes it may come in a flash so quickly, that it will shock you.”

September 2

I’m trying her methods. Several times a day I practise meditating. I lie down quietly by myself and I concentrate on something specific. In my first attempt, I pictured a rose plant. I imagined each detail from the stems, to the thorns, the colours, and the textures. I worked my mind along the whole plant to the point of even counting the petals on the flowers. After several weeks of meditation, I was in for a great

shock. As I was working my way along the stem, looking at each leaf, and examining the veins, I came to the flower and to my great surprise, I could smell the blossom. I came out of my meditation with the scent of the flower in my nostrils. How could this be possible?

As the weeks passed I came to realise how deeply relaxed I was becoming after meditation. I now was ready for an experiment. I wished to read a certain book that is out of print and our local library does not have a copy of it. The book that I wanted to read is on one of my favourite author’s suggested reading list. That day when I went into meditation, I was thinking about this book. Even though I didn’t know what the book looked like, I imagined what I thought it might look like. I could see the book. I could feel the book. I saw its title and the name of the author clearly in my head.

As the days went by, I forgot all about my request. About a week later, I walked into Sturgeon Creek Bookstore. When I am in Winnipeg, I often go into this store to look over the shelves. Occasionally I would come across a book that I wished to purchase but usually I buy nothing. I know that collecting books may be a compulsive addiction so I now limit my purchases by asking myself if I really need that book. Directly behind the front doors as one enters this large store is a bookshelf that is at least ten feet wide. One has to walk around this bookshelf to enter the store, which houses row after row of shelves filled with all types of books. As I entered the store, for some reason, I walked directly up to the bookshelf that was blocking my passage. It was almost as if I was walking in a trance. I did not resist the urge to approach the shelf, or the urge to reach out with my hand. Directly where my hand touched the shelf was a very slim cloth bound book that was sitting in between two much wider books. This slim book caught my eye. With curiosity, I pulled this volume out and looked at the front cover. I had envisioned this exact book a few weeks earlier. I was dumbfounded. Was this a coincidence? How did this work?

I told her about my experience. She was not at all surprised. She told me that I had followed the formula right to the tee. “You envisioned what you desired. You then left it to the Æther to fill your order. You did not dwell on it. You trusted the Æther to fill the order. Then, when you heard the knocking, you opened the door. In this case when you felt the compulsion to approach the bookshelf, reach out, and examine the book, you did. You did not ignore the compulsion. You did what you knew you had to do. You asked for the book and you reaped the reward. Did you notice though that you did not receive the request for free? You still had to reach out when your intuition told you to do so and you had to take the book to the cashier and pay for it. The Æther did not manifest your desire without cost. However the Æther guided you to the spot where your request existed.”

She went on to talk about parables and allegories. One example that she gave was the fable about a genie and a lamp. She suggested that this story simplified the formula for manifesting one’s desires. She explained that people have read this fable and did not understand that to fulfill the wish; one had to do their part. This was like the old adage that *god will help those who help themselves*. She explained that people did not understand that the Æther is only able to guide us. The Æther does not do the work for us.

Since that day, I have tried this experiment on a few occasions. Each time I have had similar results. Once, just before falling asleep, I envisioned a dear friend whom I had not seen for several years. I pictured this person’s facial features, their mannerisms, and even the sound of their voice. It was almost as if this person stood before me in real life. Just over a week later, while descending on an escalator in a department store, I heard someone call to me. I turned and there was the person whom I had envisioned. Most people would call this a coincidence. No wonder people who practise this type of thing never talk about it. The average person would never believe you.

Note to the reader: As I have stated earlier on, when I envisioned the book written by a priest, I did get the book that I wanted even though it is not the English edition. I have also envisioned and received a few other small items. Despite my successes, I am still reluctant to say that I am a true believer. However, I am determined to try this on a big item. If I said that, I have received it, would you believe me? I suggest that if you are interested, you should do your own experiment. It is natural not to believe without inarguable proof.

September 8

I asked her if she had guilt feelings about her former life and if that is not the reason that she has been generous with her money on the reservation, she seemed to be a little taken aback with my inquiries. When she did answer me, she was very hesitant and she seemed extra cautious about what she was revealing to me. Finally, after a few glasses of wine she confided in me, which did give me some reassurance of our relationship.

She began by telling me that the money that she was spending on the reserve was just a drop in the bucket. “I have a lot more than that to spend.” She then went on to tell me that when her parents died, she received a very large inheritance. Part of this legacy was a bundle of various stocks and bonds. “I own shares in the very company that exploited my people. Besides mining and forestry, this company made a fortune in land dealings. People have wondered who these investors are. I am admitting that my parents had shares in at least one of these companies and now, with my inheritance, I am one of these investors.”

She then went on to tell me that her dividends are blood money and this money must be returned to the people. She told me that this has been a big worry for her. “Giving money away is more difficult than earning it. If one is not careful, the money will end up doing more harm than good. I have found that it all must be done with the utmost

caution and secrecy. If people knew where this money came from, it would sour everything. They will not understand that it is not charity, it is only what is rightfully theirs in the first place.”

She admitted that she still has these shares and that she intends to keep them. “My selling them will do nobody any good and I am receiving dividends which will be given back to my people. In truth, I have more money than I know what to do with.”

Now, I am wondering if this house does not belong to her and there is no Dr. M. Is it possible that she just made Dr. M up? Nobody, to my knowledge, has ever seen this man or woman. Dr. M’s gender has never been disclosed. Maybe, she is in reality, Dr. M?

December 25

Note to the reader: Why is there such a large gap between these two entries? Did the author take a trip and forget to bring along his journal or was there another reason for this gap?

I’m tired but they are in my way. I’ll be hitting the hay on the floor as soon as they have finished their chattering and go to bed. I felt that I wasn’t part of the conversation and I snuck away to sit by myself at the kitchen table. Despite being overly tired, I’m taking this opportunity to write in my journal.

We had a quiet Christmas. We arrived at this secluded cabin on the southern edge of Riding Mountain on December 15 with the plan to stay here until early spring. Indeed, it is quite an isolated place. We took the bus to Erickson where we were to catch a ride to the cabin. Over the radio, we heard that the road to the cabin, because of snow, was not passable. We hired a man with a Travelall to take us down Mountain Road to a farmer who owns a Bombardier. The Bombardier took the two of us, along with enough provisions to last a few months, to the cabin.

She doesn’t hesitate to spend money. She is footing the bill for our vacation. She claims that this cabin belongs to a friend but, with her money I wonder if it isn’t her cabin.

I enjoy being in seclusion with her. It’s much more enjoyable than working for a living. She told me to think of my little excursions with her as a form of education. She claims that in a few months, she could teach me what she learned over the course of several years at Cambridge. I am sure that she is telling the truth. She seems to boil down any information into a very concentrated solution before pouring it into my brain.

I have been just too busy to write in my journal. I brought several books with me to read and I have opened none of them. Daily we have long talks. In addition, we take long walks over the lakes and back at the cabin, we cook and clean as a team with our words never ceasing the entire day. Mostly, our walks are long excursions on snowshoes. On December 23, we went all the way to the closest neighbour who lives nearly three miles away through the bush. When we arrived at his cabin, he was in the yard splitting wood for the fire. We could smell the wood smoke from his cook stove some half a mile away. He was burning Hemlock, which has a very distinctive smell that invokes pictures of a warm fire, and home cooked meals.

Like many people who live in isolation, this hermit gave us a warm welcome. Back at our cabin, she had wrapped a few small items as Christmas presents for him. He was quite happy that someone was thinking about him. As if in anticipation of company, he had a large cauldron of rabbit stew at the back of his wood stove. He opened the warmer above the stove to reveal a tray of fresh white buns, which we ate, heavily buttered, along with our rabbit stew. The stew had a spicy taste that I could not identify. He explained that he cooked with his own herbs, which he picked and dried in the summer and fall. He told us that the one distinctive herb in this dish is wild sage. He stated that he uses a rare purple sage that grows on the high prairie amongst native

grass. The herb stood out in the stew but it was not at all overpowering. On our last day, he filled tiny cloth sacks with dried purple sage as well as other wild herbs for us to take back.

After our repast, we sat down in easy chairs to have our tea. The daylight was diminishing as we talked. He anticipated that we would spend the night. We both felt content and a bit drowsy after the meal, which included wine to drink. This would explain why we were reluctant to walk back in the dark. I had the feeling that she had expected all along that we would be spending the night. This was confirmed when she opened her knapsack and revealed a nightgown. I was a little annoyed with her. Rather than allowing me to believe that our venturing to his cabin was an impromptu day trip, why did she not suggest to me that we might spend the night? We agreed that I would sleep on deerskins laid on the floor and she would have the couch. As soon as we came to a consensus about our sleeping arrangements, he opened the trap door and went down the cellar stairs. He returned with a gallon jug of home-made wine. As he poured the wine into glasses, I noticed that it was different from the wine that we had for dinner and I remarked at how it had a distinctive dark ruby colour. He explained that one had to use very ripe wild chokecherries to obtain that particular colour. This wine was very dry but its taste was mild and it was not at all acidic. It had a distinctive spicy taste. He stated that this particular batch was now six years old. "Young chokecherry wine is not palatable." He explained. I realised that all of the chokecherry wines that I had previously drank must have been immature. This would explain why I was so surprised at how good this wine was.

The wine warmed us and loosened our tongues. The two of them rambled on about mutual friends who I don't know and I drifted off into my own reveries. When I came back to reality, he was asking me about my knowledge of Emerson. I explained that I was not paying particular attention to the conversation. He told us that he was again reading Emerson. "Each time that I read him, I see new things." He

stated. She agreed and stated that all profound authors have that effect. "You only absorb as much as you are able to comprehend at the time." She explained. "As one's experience and knowledge grows, one is able to see things that one could not previously see."

Finally, they have gone to bed.

December 26

Again, we had a quiet day. I am rather annoyed how she concentrates her attention towards her friend who I find somewhat annoying. He drinks too much and he seems to have no consideration or manners. He has the habit of blurting out something completely unrelated to the current topic and he seems to have a fixation with Emerson. While I was telling her about the problems that I have trying to fall asleep, out of the blue, he cut me off and started talking again about Emerson.

"Emerson was a Pantheist." He blurted out. "Not too many people know that he was, since he was, like most Pantheists, very vague about his religious convictions. If Pantheists were to speak freely about their beliefs, they would be ostracised as many of them have been over the years."

I came right out and told them that I did not understand what a Pantheist is. They tried to enlighten me. He told me almost nothing that she has not already told me. He went on about how a Pantheist believes in the Æther as a source of all life and that the Æther permeates everything including a vacuum.

"One's soul is part of the Æther. The soul lives in a house, which we call the body. While in the body, the soul may communicate with other souls living in other bodies by using the body's senses. One must use senses that are in another dimension if one wishes to communicate directly to another soul. That soul may be in another body or it may

be floating freely in the Æther, Commonly, when these senses communicate one refers to this communication as intuition.”

“Of course in Thoreau’s and Emerson’s day, if one spoke like this he would be labelled as a witch and be excommunicated or ostracised at the least. In order to function in their society one had to show some belief in an anthropomorphic god. This is why Pantheists are always vague about their beliefs. They see the advantages of society accepting them. It is something like the fairy tale about the emperor who has no clothes.”

We laughed at this analogy. How silly it all seemed that we should all put on a pretence while wondering if our neighbour really does see the clothes. The conversation went long into the evening. When it came to the topic of manifestations, she brought up the story of how I had manifested a book, and she said, “The one thing that people seem not to realise is that when we ask for something we must take whatever comes with our wish.” She told about how one reaps what one sows. “If one prays to conquer and to slaughter one’s enemies then one must accept the fact that if one lives by the sword one will surely die by the sword. When one sows death and destruction, that same death and destruction will come back to haunt you. There is no such thing as a free ride.”

She went on, “One must realise that we are privileged to inherit the world that we have helped to create. But, conversely, we are also condemned to inherit the world that we have helped to create.”

I heard her say this several times in the past and I accept that she was now saying it for his benefit. He stated that this is not a paradox as one might think. His answer was that we, as individuals, have a choice. “Do we want to come back to a world that treats us the way we wish to be treated? This is our choice.”

As the evening wore on the conversation moved to the realm of our conscious brain communicating with our soul. She told us about the time that she had visited her lobotomised cousin at the mental hospital.

“I had been at this particular mental hospital as well as similar institutions many times previous to my visit with my cousin and many times since. During my visits, I noticed something different about the average patient. Patients that are deemed to be cognitively impaired, in reality they are not as cognitively impaired as they are made out to be. They communicate in a manner that most of the staff at the hospital do not understand. I have observed patients who they have labelled as retarded. When anyone tried to teach them about tangible things, they have a hard time understanding. But, the nurses and doctors do not understand how these patients comprehended that which is intangible.”

“If you have ever watched a supposedly retarded person communicate with horses or cattle you would see that they communicate better with these animals than the average *sane* person does. As the retarded person approaches the horse, one may observe the thought waves flowing between the horse and the person. They are communicating on a different level. Speaking about retarded people, the staff would often remark that these people had a way with animals. Did these staff members not notice that these retarded people also had a way with each other? When two of them are together, they normally do not need to openly converse. They have the ability to read one and another’s thoughts.”

I found that this was indeed thought provoking. She went on to say that, each one of us has this same ability to communicate without words. “We are all born with this ability but we lose this ability through education. Society has taught us that nothing exists if we are unable to sense it with one of our five senses. Children are excellent mind readers but with age, they lose this ability.” She asked if we had ever observed

a two-year-old child interacting with a ten-year-old retarded child. She stated that she has observed a special silent bonding between the two.

She suggested that we try an experiment. This experiment would be to quickly turn and look at a person who has their back to us. Most times, she told us, that person will turn and look back at us. She told us that in a case such as this, the two souls would be directly communicating with one and another. One would be telling the other, *I am looking at you.*

She told us that, with practise, she has become an excellent mind reader. As she explained, this is not mind reading, as we commonly understand it. It is a communication between two souls. "As the souls are communicating, the house that they are living in seems to disappear. When I am communicating on the soul level, I don't see a white man, a brown man, a black man, a yellow man, a woman, a man, or even a person. I see a soul. I am looking into their eyes and I see a soul. This same soul may live in a human body, an animal body or even in a rock. For, as you may see, every tangible object whether we see it as living or dead, has a soul residing in the midst of it."

Upon questioning, she confirmed that an inanimate object such as a rock has a soul. I asked her what happens to the soul when a rock is split in two. She told us that she could explain this in theory, but she emphasised that this is only in theory since no one knows for sure. She stated that to make a long story short, when one splits a rock, each separate rock has its own soul. I told her that I was having a very hard time understanding that. I liked our host's explanation. He described how a soul is in essence a drop of the Æther. The Æther permeates everything as water permeates everything that it surrounds. A drop of the Æther enters a body or an object and then becomes the soul for that body or object. When a rock splits, a drop of the Æther that permeates the separated piece of rock becomes the new soul.

He went on to explain that this was, in essence, the same as what we may observe in a beehive. Each hive has a Queen. The Queen is like a soul. She is the ruler and all other bees are subservient. All bees have the ability to be a Queen and indeed this is demonstrated when a Queen dies or is killed. By a simple change in diet, another bee that was destined to become just a common bee becomes, through metamorphosis, a Queen.

Through this analogy, I was beginning to understand this concept. I did not have much time to digest the facts as the conversation continued to progress. Our host asked her, if she believed that absolutely everything has a soul. She answered in the affirmative and went on to describe the Earth's soul. She explained how Mother Nature always wins. She asked us if we had ever noticed how quickly nature takes over a cultivated field when it is abandoned. She also used the example of when a volcano spews ash over miles of land. She pointed out that before the ash has time to completely cool, vegetation is already beginning to show.

She then informed us about a fact that I found to be very terrifying. She explained how, on a daily basis the sun is becoming smaller and the earth is becoming larger. She stated that each day the sun is giving off energy in all directions. Whatever is in the path of these energy rays will absorb some of the rays. The light from the sun will travel to earth where the plants soak it up and transform it into solid matter. This solid matter adds to the mass of the earth. She agreed that the earth loses energy by emitting light into the atmosphere but she stated that the net gain is phenomenally large. The gravitational pull between the sun and other heavenly bodies is changing on a continual basis. We both wanted to know if she felt that the earth would eventually destruct. I asked her if this happened, what would happen to life on earth.

The soul, she explained, is part of the Æther and the Æther is indestructible. The Æther is the essence of all energy and all life. "You, your soul, if you please, will never be destroyed. It is part of the Æther and

the Æther will always exist. The Æther is present everywhere in the Universe. This includes the sun and all of the stars. If the heat of the sun cannot destroy the Æther, how may the Æther be destroyed?" We knew that we were not going to come to any easy conclusions.

One observation that I made was that some people might view this information with a feeling of hopelessness. They may ask why we should strive to make a better life on earth when the future looks so bleak. She had an answer for this. She stated that in the event that the changes in gravitational fields destroyed the earth, the soul would live on to find animate life somewhere else. "Do you think that the earth is the only home for animate life?" She asked. "There are many other places in the Universe that have animated life. Animate life exists even on the sun. We do not understand this because we only have the ability to understand the animate life that we can see and touch. A different life form that has a soul in its centre exists on the sun. Their body is not made of flesh and bone as ours is. Their body consists of substances that we do not even know exist. But, in that body, a soul does exist."

She went on with her diatribe. "We should be part of a plan to make life on earth more fulfilling. If we don't do this, then it means that, we do not have respect for other souls or for our own soul, which will return to reside in another body. We must remember that all souls are part of the Æther and therefore every soul is part of us since we are part of the Æther. On this dimension that we are living in, through the bodily senses, is the only way that the soul may sense, appreciate, and enjoy everything that exists in this dimension. If we are not concerned about our fellow souls, how may we ask them to be concerned about ours? As souls we must work together towards changing the present state of the earth into a sanctuary that we may all enjoy and learn from."

After this lengthy dialogue, they went to bed and I came into the kitchen to write. I couldn't sleep. I now feel that I'm ready to give sleep another try.

December 31

I found out why our host had a full pot of stew and fresh buns when we arrived at his cabin. On the morning of December 28, we left our hospitable host's warm cabin and we ventured out into the bush to return to our cabin. It was a beautiful winter day. With the bush blocking the wind and despite the air temperature being well below zero degrees, it felt warm as we proceeded through the trees. Large flakes of snow were lightly falling, giving a truly Yuletide appearance to our surroundings. The snow muffled the sound and blocked the sun as it fell. We felt that we were isolated from the world. One may appreciate the intense quiet of the snowy bush only if one has experienced it. With the soft, fresh snow, even our walking created no sound. Other than an occasional Black Capped Chickadee, with its familiar call, we could sense no other life. If one wants to commune with Nature, this is the way to do it.

As soon as we arrived back at our cabin, I started a fire in the cook stove to warm up the place. She immediately came to life. I have never before witnessed such a frenzy of activity with her cleaning and cooking. She sent me out to our food chest in the back porch to retrieve a frozen goose that she had wrapped in many sheets of brown butcher's paper. She placed the goose on the counter adjacent to a cool outside wall where it would slowly thaw.

I inquired why she was in such frenzy. She finally admitted to me that the seemingly spontaneous visit to our reclusive neighbour was in reality a yearly ritual. She related that they had been exchanging Christmas visits for quite a few years. "Both of us like to be by ourselves even though we do enjoy each other's company so very much." She explained. I began to see the picture so I asked, "And when will he return the visit?" She then informed me that he would be arriving on the next day, which is today. I anticipated that we would be enjoying the goose today, which we did. Are these welcoming meals some sort of contest between the two of them?

He arrived this morning just after nine o'clock. I inquired if he had started in darkness to get here this early. He answered that the daylight was just starting in the east as he was crossing the lake to our cabin. "Did you have a good walk?" she inquired. "Excellent!" was his answer. The fog from his breath had coated his brown, grizzled beard with icicles and despite the fact that the mercury had drastically dropped in the last few days and the air was frosty, he did not seem to be cold when he arrived. He stomped his feet on the swept landing to the outside door to shake all traces of the white stuff from his snow shoes which he removed and stood up in the front porch. When he opened the door to the cabin, a foggy rush of cold air entered. This gave a chill to the interior of the cabin. She slammed the door shut and asked him to take off his parka. The extreme cold had frosted the fur trim on his hood with white ice, which he slapped a few times in a futile effort to remove it. It was indeed a very frosty morning. I remarked that this is a frigid beginning to the new year. This remark started the conversation rolling.

She announced that the Pagans had started the New Year with the spring equinox. To her, this made perfect sense since all life begins in the spring. She then went on to tell us that people originally celebrated Christmas in the spring but the church moved the event to coincide with the Yuletide. She then stated that Christians consistently changed the date of holy days so that they could celebrate them in conjunction with the traditional celebrations of the locals who often happened to be Pagans.

I had heard all of this before and I therefore was not much interested. I sat at one end of the kitchen table. They sat, one on either side of the table, facing each other. I sipped my tea as they bantered back and forth. They smiled and laughed. I studied his countenance. By his looks, I would say that he is slightly older than I am. Possibly, his thick beard, which hangs three or four inches below his chin, disguises his age. I could see crow's feet around the eyes, but because he seems to

be a true outdoor man, I think that this probably doesn't mean much. As he smiled, I could see his well formed slightly off white teeth that showed a bit of stain from coffee and tobacco. I saw him enjoying a pipe on a few occasions. Even as we sat a little away from each other, I could detect a mellow, foreign tobacco. *Erinmore*, I think.

As I continued to watch the two of them bantering back and forth, I could detect a hint of competition between the two of them. I may be imagining this since I know her to be a complete pacifist who detests any form of rivalry. She believes in a strict co-operative effort. I could also see a deep familiarity between the two of them indicating that they like each other's company. That, to me, is unquestionable. He is attractive in a manly way despite subtle feminine jesters. He is not a big man. I feel that under his thick, tartan flannel shirt is a slim and wiry but strong man. There is no sign of a belly. For some reason I could picture the two of them in bed together. Despite the extensive age difference between her, and myself I am enamoured with her and as I observed them, I felt jealousy. Is he her lover? I'm surprisingly shocked at myself. Before I met her, I have never had such feelings. I do not think that she would approve so I am determined to keep my feelings to myself even though deep down inside, I was wishing so badly that he would go home.

Feigning the need for more tea, I rose and I walked to the stove. I announced that I would make a fresh pot, but neither one of them paid any attention to me. I had such a feeling of forlornness, rejection, and extreme sadness. Like a child, I felt like running and hiding to bury my tears. I reached for my handkerchief and blew my nose and then I brewed a fresh pot of tea.

"If only we could get people to understand." She was saying to him when I arrived back at the table. I placed the fresh pot of tea in the middle of the table. Her head jerked as her eyes snapped to mine. "We'll have no more of that, my dear man. This is a celebration. I have much better than that." This sudden remark not only surprised me,

but it almost brought a rush of tears to my eyes. I quickly turned and walked back to the door. Almost under my breath, I announced that I had to relieve myself as I left the cabin and scampered to the outhouse. I felt that this is the straw that breaks the camel's back.

When I arrived back in the cabin, they were still sitting across from each other at the table. She had replaced the teacups with whiskey glasses. I quickly noticed the bottle of expensive Scotch as well as the fact that there were only two glasses on the table. Was this a subtle hint for me to bugger off? It was not like this when we were at his cabin. What had changed?

I sauntered over to an easy chair and continued to read a book that I had tried to start a few weeks back. Soon I fell into a deep reverie. The next thing that I knew, she was shaking me, and I was startled from my sleep. She announced that I would have nothing for dinner if I did not get up from my chair. I looked up. He was whistling a tune and laughing as he carved the bird. I must have slept for hours. I looked at the clock. It was two in the afternoon. We habitually eat our big meal just after noon hour whenever there is company. This allows us plenty of time in the day before drowsiness creeps over us. This, in itself, ensures that there is plenty of time to have a lively conversation before bed.

I went back outside to relieve myself and then I cleaned up and came to the table. There was a glass of white wine in front of each plate. I turned my head toward her. She was looking at me with a smile on her face. She announced a toast to the New Year. As my eyes peered into her pupils, I could feel the affection. I forgive her. We quietly enjoyed our feast. I feel that life is good.

The cabin has two bedrooms. I normally would sleep in her bed. I was uneasily thinking about what the sleeping arrangement would be for the night. Should I just go to the other bedroom or should I assume that I will be sleeping with her? Maybe she did not wish for him to know that we had been sleeping together or worse than that, maybe he

expected to sleep with her. After I witnessed how intimately they gazed at each other I feared for the worst. I envisioned them having an orgy in my presence.

"Self-confidence, self-discipline, education and morality; that is all one needs to be happy and content in life." That was her announcement to start a new topic of conversation. Both of us agreed with her so there was not much room for a discussion. After a brief moment of silence, she gave her understanding of the topic.

"Self-confidence is the most important part of your character but it is the most difficult for people to obtain." Again, we both agreed but to start the conversation I asked her why that was. Why is it so hard for people to gain self-confidence?

After several hours of sipping Scotch, (After our dinner she brought out the bottle along with three clean glasses), and with vigorous dialogue, we felt that we all agreed. The consensus was that, in our society, competition is the norm and competition always hacks away at one's self-confidence. It is apparent that, in competition, there is never a winner. If you win, you have lost the good will of the loser and if you lose, you are the loser. In addition, you may be the winner today but the day that you lose always comes.

She carried on with her definition. "The western way of life is all about competition. There is such stress on sports, on academic awards, on job competition and on the acquisition of material things. The norm is to keep up with the neighbours. In addition, of course, competition breeds corruption. Everyone is looking for an edge which could be a little bit of knowledge or some trick like sewing metal into a boxing glove. Competition makes the competitors inventive but always in an immoral way."

I thought about my feelings towards her and the affection that she showed for him. This is definitely a competition on his part. For me, I feel like a whipped puppy. He is possibly younger and a lot better

looking than me. I am too far in a state of total despair to muster up any fight. Besides, I know that for us to fight over her would turn her off both of us. This evening I was poor company indeed.

I slouched back in an easy chair and I almost fell asleep again. When I snapped out of my reverie, I heard her carrying on. "It is so ridiculous that I should take a football team's side. For every team, one-half of the team are foreigners and the other half are not native to the region that the team represents. Is it possible that one could be loyal to just any team? These teams are all comprised of the same people and to make it even worse, they are constantly trading players so that even the players don't know which team deserves their loyalty. The whole thing is utterly ridiculous."

They laughed at this absurdity. I gave as good a chuckle as I could muster up. The emperor, indeed, had no clothes. She was utterly right. People today would stoop to anything to give them that edge to win. Winning may bring them fame and fortune but it brings them neither happiness nor contentment. Contrary to what society preaches, competition destroys self-confidence. Schools and community clubs will expound on the benefits of healthy competition. They will tell you that it builds character. They don't talk about how many lives this competition destroys. They don't tell you about the young adults who have concentrated for years on one thing which is the sport of their choice only to end up with a shattered knee or fractured spine just before they make it big. Thousands strive to be professional athletes but only a few obtain their dream.

She spoke directly to him as if I wasn't even present. "If people concentrated on the things that build true character there would be less discontentment and more happiness and satisfaction in life. To begin with, people must learn to love themselves. If society continually ridicules people, how may they love themselves? Ridicule destroys people and sports breeds ridicule. Children should learn at a very young age that there is nothing wrong with them. They are perfect. They just need

to grow. We can comprehend that a two year old will grow to be as tall as an average adult is. Every child must be made to understand that intellectually and academically, they will grow in whatever direction that they so choose. A five year old does not understand calculus. However, each five year old, with encouragement, may grow to understand calculus and much more."

"This takes us to the second character in the formula of success, which is self-discipline. It is surprising how many people, both young and old who have a shortage of self-discipline. Yet self-discipline is very easy to acquire. Every day you should be sure to do one thing that you don't feel like doing but you know that you should do. For example, if you are committed to mowing the lawn or baking a pie for some charity today, then mow the lawn or bake that pie. Do not let anything distract you. People get into the habit of procrastinating and being easily distracted. How often does a man who has committed to cleaning out the garage on the weekend end up going fishing because his neighbour invites him at the last minute. An occasional deviation from a routine or commitment is healthy but one should not make a habit of it."

"How many people have the attitude that when they reach a certain point in their life, they now know everything that they need to know? Surprisingly, this is very common. People graduate from high school or college and they announce, *That's it, I'm done. I'll never open another book in my life.* Sadly, there are quite a few people with this attitude. They begin a job only to learn the bare minimum to keep their job and they spend more time looking for ways and means not to do a task than to take the time needed to do the job. When they are sixty or so years old these people look back on their life and wonder why they never succeeded. What kind of success are they expecting? They have never set any goals to achieve. They have just aimlessly carried along throughout their lives."

"Every day one must learn something new. In addition, this should be something that interests you. It should be an enjoyment to learn,

not a chore. One needs to question everything.” She could not stress this any harder than she did today. She stated that people should even question the idea that they should question everything. “Don’t take anyone’s word for anything. Do your own research and when you have the facts, decide what is most probable and reasonable for you. In addition, always be willing to change your opinion whenever you receive any new information.”

She looked up and declared that we had missed midnight. It was now five past one in the morning. She wished us a happy new year and we all gave each other a hug. She then announced that it was time to *hit the hay*. As he rose from his chair, he announced that he did not want to deprive either one of us of our bed. He stated that he would sleep on the couch, as he was accustomed to do. Whom was he fooling? I was positive that he had slept with her in the past but I did not want to reveal my true thoughts. I graciously offered him my bedroom but he insisted that he would sleep on the couch. He stated that as far as he is concerned, there is no compromising. She would sleep alone, or would she? That is exactly what I asked myself.

As I sit here in my room, writing in my journal, I realise that it is almost morning. I should have written down January 1, 1948. It doesn’t matter, my new year will start at sunrise.

1948 - January 1

This afternoon she started the conversation on the question of morality. She just simply stated that one should treat everyone the way that they themselves would like to be treated. She agreed that there are some flaws in this simplified statement. For example, a kinky person may be into masochism. It is possible that he will think that he would be justified to practise sadism because he would be treating others as he wished to be treated. We all laughed over this one. We agreed that her simplistic view had to be a little more precise. She gave her

definition of a truly democratic society. “Everyone has the right to do exactly what pleases them but they must not purposely or directly interfere with anyone else’s right to do the same.” Yes, this seems to describe morality, as we understand it. I made a mental note to stress this definition to myself and to review it daily so as not to wander too far away from it.

January 3

Yesterday, after dinner, while we were moving to easy chairs, she opened the topic for discussion. She quoted William James. *The greatest discovery of my generation is that a human being can alter his life by altering his attitudes*. She started out by pointing out that others had discovered this thought before William James was even born. She gave examples of sources that were hundreds and even thousands of years old. She then went on to emphasize how true that statement is.

She brought up the following for us to discuss which I have yet to verify but I will certainly do so when I am in the city.

She stated that you are what you think about and she gave examples of first hand experiences. She told us about scientists, by experiment, showing that a person’s thoughts changed the composition of their blood as well as their urine. Levels of certain hormones changed in a person’s blood as his thoughts and feelings changed. While experimental subjects were fully awake and when some were under hypnosis, the scientists did certain things in order to alter a person’s emotions. For example, a convict had his blood taken when he was in a carefree state. While lying on a comfortable couch in a darkened room, the scientists asked the convict to think about a time and a place where he was happiest in his life. He started talking about staying at his grandparent’s farm. He was ten or eleven years old. He talked about helping his grandfather in the barn and about the wonderful meals that his grandmother made. While he was reminiscing, the doctors took a sample of

his blood and they asked him to give a sample of his urine. The next day, the doctors asked this same subject to talk about various run-ins with the law and his capture by the police. While he was relating the stories, the doctors again took a sample of his blood and asked him to give a sample of his urine. She explained the differences in blood composition in medical terms, which I am afraid that I could not understand. There was a definite change in hormonal levels in both the blood and the urine from one day to the next. Scientists are quite certain that long-term emotions can also change the makeup of a person's genetics. This, she admitted, as far as she was aware of, has not yet been proved.

She gave a rational reason for these hormonal changes. She talked about the theory of flight or fight. "While working on research, I saw first-hand, the physical changes that came over a person while he was extremely angry. Most of our experimental subjects were convicted convicts who had a history of violence. It was relatively easy to induce anger in these subjects. The remarkable thing was the change in their blood chemistry. We tested for known hormones and chemicals such as adrenalin and blood sugars. There are hormones that we don't even know exist. These may be present in the millions to one ratio and are not detectable with our current analytical means. We assume that there are many hormones that we are unaware of."

"One thing that we do know is the fact that a person is unable to heal very well if they are not emotionally calm. We find that a person will heal better if the doctors sedate them enough to induce sleep. How does this work? Well, it is simple if you think about it. For years now, we have known about the flight or fight reaction in humans. If a person is in an angry state, their body gears up to either fight or to turn and run away. Adrenalin pumps into the blood. This shuts down all bodily functions that are not necessary for fight or flight. The two most important systems that shut down are the digestive system and the immune system. Therefore if a person is angry, his bowels will probably clamp up and also he will not heal."

"If a person holds anger for a long time, certain things can be expected. Since the digestive system shuts down, bowel movements will become infrequent and difficult leading to problems such as diverticulitis. In addition, with the immune system running at less than the minimum level we can expect frequent infections. If people would just let go of their anger, most of the medical complaints in this country would disappear."

I could not resist asking her one question that I had on my mind. I asked her if, at any time, she had done anything unethical in her research. She hesitated before speaking and I could see that she was being reticent on this subject. Eventually, she chose to speak but in a guarded way. "I will tell you about one experiment that we did that some may consider unethical. These subjects had all volunteered for the experiments and any harm that we did was eventually undone if it was in our control."

She assured us that the experiments that she was involved in were quite innocent compared to what is being done in Montreal. She then went on to explain that they placed certain subjects under hypnosis and then gave them false information to see if their bodies reacted to the false belief.

The example that she told us about is as follows. They told a few girls, who were under hypnosis, that they are fat. Factually, each of the subjects was the correct weight recommended for their age and height and build as shown in actuary charts. When they brought these girls out of the hypnotic state, each of these girls subconsciously believed that they were fat.

I asked her to give me a little more information about these girls. Were they criminals? I don't know why I asked except that the information seemed important to me at the time. She told us that most of the girls came from an insane asylum. She explained that mentally, these girls were quite well, but, their families reported them to be incorrigible and

this in itself is adequate grounds to commit a person to an institution for the insane. Some parents could see that their daughters were leading a bit of a wild life and rather than risk, an unwanted pregnancy or some other problems the parents would have their daughter committed to an insane asylum. The reputation of the family is very important in some circles. One girl, she told us about was a white girl who ran off with a Chinese man. They were actually married in a distant town. The father and uncle of this girl caught up with the newly married couple and forcibly brought the daughter back. When the daughter refused to come to her senses, rather than risk her running away again, the father had her committed to an asylum. I asked how these girls could give permission for these experiments if we considered them mentally unfit to make such a decision. Her answer was that in reality, they were quite capable of making these decisions. Because the authorities declared, that they were mentally unfit, their parents' permission had to be obtained.

These stories about injustices did not surprise me. I was familiar with these types of practices. Some of the atrocities done in Canada and the United States of America make Nazi Germany look relatively tame.

She had answered my question and now she went on with her story. "Because these girls would be institutionalized for an extended period of time, we knew that we could do long term experiments on them. Firstly, each girl was convinced under hypnosis that she is overweight. This was all in her subconscious mind. We never discussed any girl's physical appearance while she was in a conscious state and we never revealed what our expectations were. We told nobody, not even the asylum staff, or the families what the nature of the experiment was. We told everyone that we were just testing cold medications."

"It took several weeks and in fact, in some cases, several months before we could see any appreciable results. For fear of revealing what we were actually doing, we did not weigh the girls on a regular basis. We estimated their weight by sight. We paid regular social calls on the girls at

the asylum and observed them as a group. We then took notes. By their appearance, the girls were definitely putting on weight. We could see that our theories were correct."

"After a full two years, we brought the girls back to our clinic and deprogrammed them. We placed each girl under hypnosis and we told each one that she is the perfect weight. Again, we observed them over several months. They all eventually returned to what is considered a normal weight."

I asked if things went well with one hundred percent of the cases. She hesitated. I could tell that she was in a quandary. She then told us that with experiments such as this one, they had always tried to prepare themselves for the unexpected. Apparently, during the first part of the experiment when the girls were gaining weight, the parents of the girl who had previously run off with the Chinese man, had her discharged from the asylum. Her family came and took her away with little notice. The family was about to move several thousand miles away and deciding that their daughter had matured; they had her discharged and she moved with them. In this girl's file, she had read that the parents had noted that their daughter had gained considerable weight while in the institution.

I now asked her if she thought that it was ethical for this girl to go through her life in a hypnotic state. She snapped at me and stated that thousands and perhaps millions of people in the world program their children. The parents daily tell their children that they are fat or stupid and thus the parents are ruining their children's lives. "Parents who are continually telling their children that they are fat, stupid, wicked, ugly or conversely, intelligent, beautiful, well behaved or any other continual remarks are in essence programming their child to be that way."

He proved himself more understanding and considerate than me. He did not argue. He observed and asked in an empathetic manner. "That must have affected you deeply to realise that this girl had been taken

out of your control and would now forever be indirectly under yours and the other researchers' influence?"

With these kind words, she immediately dropped her offensive attitude. Completely ignoring me, she went on to relate to him how she has always been worried about this girl. She then went on to explain that, in choosing subjects for the experiments, if there was the least doubt, they would reject that candidate. Speaking directly to him, she related the story about one young girl whom she remembered well. Her parents had admitted this girl to the asylum after she had a still-born baby. Under hypnosis, the doctors became aware of more than they had expected. She related how the baby was born prematurely at home. Her aunt and older cousin attended to her. This girl had been given something to drink which she felt had brought on an early delivery. She went on to relate how the baby had cried right after birth and then everything grew quiet. In her hypnotic state, she screamed that they had killed her baby. She had re-lived that night under hypnosis and she related all of the details. It was not pleasant. She then went on to tell us who the biological father was. It was this girl's own father. Her father had impregnated her and then he had her committed to an insane asylum to protect the family name. She stated that they rejected this girl from the program. It was felt that she was unstable and that it would be cruel to have her suffer any more than was necessary. Tears came to her eyes as she told us that after a while this girl had a double lobotomy.

I was extremely upset with myself for being so unsympathetic with her. She was the last person whom I would hurt. I went to my bed early that evening after I had visited the outhouse. I had trouble sleeping. I kept stewing over how I had vexed her. I vowed to myself that as soon as we got rid of this annoying fellow, I would win her admiration back. A horrible realisation came to me. I knew that she did not come to me through admiration. It was plain animal instinct and desire.

January 4

Last night, I snapped awake in the middle of the night. It took a few moments to sweep my brain of the cobwebs. I then realised that I could hear the two of them making love in her bed. At first, I thought that it was my imagination. There was no mistaking the sounds. They were like two teenagers who had just recently discovered what the differences between the two sexes are. I recognised the sound of her having an intense orgasm. In my imagination, I was positive that her orgasms were stronger with him than with me. I did not cry but I felt lonely and dejected, more so than I had ever felt before in my life. Eventually, I must have drifted off to sleep for the next thing I knew, there was daylight streaming into my window and her happy voice was beckoning me to come for breakfast. She questioned me whether or not I wanted to miss her friend's departure. I felt like yelling that I certainly did. I silently rose and dressed.

After he left, I must have been bad company since I sulked the entire day. I had perfunctorily shook his hand and wished him a safe walk back to his cabin. I did not participate in any conversation.

January 6

My sulking was short lived. Yesterday evening, after a good meal and a few glasses of wine, she spoke to me about mind over body and hypnotism. She stated that a strong willed person could not be hypnotised. One could only be hypnotised if they are a willing participant. She then suggested an experiment in hypnotic suggestion. I agreed.

She asked me to lie down on the couch and clear my mind of all thoughts, just as I did while I was practising meditation. She began softly talking to me. She described things for me to picture. As she spoke, the images gradually became alive in my mind. Looking back at the experience, I wonder if I dreamt it all or if it did indeed happen.

It was like watching a movie in which I was both an observer and a participant.

Gradually her voice drifted off into the background as the movie became more and more alive. I saw mountains and streams with fluffy clouds and birds in the trees. I could hear all of the familiar sounds. Without my knowing, I gradually became sexually aroused. Did she change her visual suggestions from the quiet serenity of nature to sexual images? I don't know. As I stated, her voice drifted into the background and despite the fact that I was vaguely aware that there was a voice present; I had no idea what the words were. In my dream-like state, I had an orgasm. I then must have drifted into sleep.

When I awoke from my sleep, I had no idea how long I had slept and I had no idea what time it was. I didn't know where I was. The room was dark. I opened my eyes. She was still sitting in the wing chair close to the fireplace. I could see her face, which was reflecting the soft glow of the fire. She smiled and asked me if I had a good sleep. Suddenly I felt quite embarrassed. I could feel wetness in my pants, which was evidence that I had ejaculated and I remembered that in my vision I had experienced an orgasm.

She sensed my embarrassment. She then started talking to me about the influence that the mind had over the body. She stated that sometimes it took the experience of a sexual fantasy before people understood how much control the mind could have over the body.

"Your soul controls your mind and your mind controls your body. This is exactly what happens in the placebo effect. If one is convinced that a sugar pill will heal you, it will indeed heal you. The pill has no part in the healing process. It is your belief in the pill that brings about the healing."

It was at that moment that things started to become clear to me. If one could just take full control of the mind, what power over the body and the world one could have. I could see how positive affirmation could

work. As she has told me many times before, if you stand in front of a mirror and look into your eyes, any affirmations verbalised will indeed have an unbelievable effect on the mind and on the body.

She came over to me and started to caress my hair. She bent down onto her knees in front of me and slowly kissed my face all over. First she kissed my forehead and then down to my eyes and nose, cheeks and finally softly on my mouth.

We ended up having very passionate sex on the rug in front of the fire. She had multiple orgasms. Unbelievably, I had two. How far apart my orgasms were, I don't know since, I have no idea how long we were passionate but I am certain that it was for a long time.

I drifted off and the next thing that I knew the room was flooded in daylight. She was gone. I got up and walked to the bedroom. I stood in front of the full-length mirror and looked at my nude body. I remembered the experiences that I had the night before. I looked directly into my eyes and I asserted. "I have the perfect body. I love my body." Although I did not believe everything that I was saying, I continued. I knew that if I could convince my mind, my body would change to match my image. I vowed to continue with my positive affirmations.

January 7

This evening she told me her thoughts about love and lust. "People often talk about coitus as an act of love. This is usually not correct. Coitus is actually, in most cases, an act of lust. The difference between lust and love is that lust considers the lustful person's wants and needs while love always considers the other person's wants and needs."

She went on to say that in general, our society tries to sugar coat the animal part of ourselves. This leads to a lot of confusion. "For example, she said. Let us look at our most familiar symbol of love, the red heart

that is ubiquitous each February. Do you know what this red heart symbolises?”

I must have had a very confused look on my face since she giggled at me as I sat silently staring at her. However, despite me not saying anything she laughed out loud and continued. She pulled a pad of paper from the drawer and drew a heart. She covered the bottom pointy part and asked me what this top part symbolises. I said nothing. She laughed and almost shouted. “It’s a woman’s ass silly. It’s a butt, a bum or whatever you wish to call it.” She then covered up the top part of the heart and asked me what the triangle shape symbolised. I felt extremely ignorant and embarrassed for my naivety. I said nothing. “It’s a cunt silly. Can’t you see that it looks like the woman’s hairy triangle on her crotch?” At this point, she pulled her pants down and displayed herself as she started to hysterically laugh. Was she drunk? We hadn’t drank that much.

I left and I went to bed. I couldn’t believe how crude she had become. Is she schizophrenic or does she just need an occasional release? One minute she’s fine and then she has these childish outbursts. What is the matter with her? I now I wonder if my feelings towards her are love, or, are they just lust? I am unable to decide. I do know that I feel very uncomfortable when she becomes like this. I want our warm loving relationship back.

Note to the reader: In the 1970’s several bestselling books came out that indicated that each one of us has an adult as well a child side to our personality. The theory is that if we do not allow our child to come out in a benign way, we may have these childish outbursts. Dr. Eric Berne’s books, especially Games People Play expounded on these theories. Is this just an example of her child trying to have a voice?

I pulled out a medical book and looked at a coloured picture of a human heart. Indeed this picture has very little resemblance to a valentine heart. I did try her little experiment. I covered up first the

bottom part of the valentine heart and then the top part. It looks like she has a point. I will never look at a valentine card in the same light again. In fact, I feel that, in the future, I will find it difficult to give anyone a valentine card.

January 9

After her outburst with the valentine, she carried on as if nothing had happened. I thought about it and I realise that it must have been a stress release for her. I have never had these types of outbursts, but I have witnessed them many times before in other people. I do admit that it does give me a slight feeling of superiority to always be in control when others are not.

I am sure that my positive affirmations are working but somehow I feel that I am moving into a depression. Why, I don’t know. It is one-step forward and two steps back. Is this the same for everyone? Years of habit have to be broken before there can be progress. She senses that I am wavering between elation and despair.

She spoke to me about having four persons in one. She stated it as follows. “We all have an instinct. The body passes instinct on to the next generation. Each and every cell in your body has this instinct and it will act against the body’s will if it believes that it needs to in order for the body to survive.” She went on to explain that this is what causes a headless chicken to run. The individual cells are doing their best to keep the body from dying.

Second, she stated that there is a subconscious mind. The subconscious mind takes everything literally and is incapable of rational thought. This is why the body becomes fat when it is convinced that it is fat. She told me about how each individual may accomplish a complete metamorphosis of the body through self-suggestion. She explained that when a person stands in front of a mirror and daily makes a statement, the subconscious mind comes to believe that statement as being

true and it will do everything to keep it true. She gave the example of a person daily asserting, “*I am fat*”. Over time, the body will become fat. The body will also come to have a perfect weight if one makes assertions about being the perfect weight. The results are the same for all assertions.

She then went on to talk about the conscious mind. She stated that the conscious mind is the rational brain that takes data, analyses it and comes up with rational ideas and decisions based on that data. She stated that most people barely utilise the conscious brain. It is much easier for them to stay in autopilot. She suggested that people do almost one hundred percent of their daily activities habitually. People just take things as they come and react to them through their subconscious brain. Unfortunately, as she stated the subconscious brain is incapable of thinking rationally. Therefore, our reactions are not rational. She went on to describe how we all have witnessed our parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles or other people reacting in a certain way and how our subconscious mind dictates to our bodies to react in the same way. She told me about her uncle who, upon seeing a skunk, would say under his breath, “*goddamn skunk*” and if he had a gun handy, he would proceed to shoot it in the head. She told me about the day that she asked her uncle why he shot every skunk that he saw. He was somewhat taken aback, but, he stated that that was what everyone does. His father had done the same thing.

She went on to describe how people just went on about their lives reacting to whatever happens. Did they ever plan their future? In her opinion, they did not. The main reason for this is that they don’t realise that they have the power to control their future and the second reason is that they never question their own behaviour.

The fourth person that lives in our body is our soul. Unfortunately, the soul speaks in a different dimension. Most people refer to the soul as their intuition. We just feel things. This is because the only way that a soul is able to communicate with the other three conscious parts

of our body is through feelings. When we get a hunch, it is a feeling that somehow feels right or not right. In addition, we talk to the soul through our feelings. When we feel that we have something or we feel that we are something, this feeling goes directly to the soul and the soul makes it true. This is how prayer works. When we feel that we have something, the soul takes this desire directly to the Æther and the Æther finds a way to manifest our desires.

She emphasised a number of times that it was all so simple and that man himself makes it difficult.

She next stated that the soul is the only conscious part of our body that feels anything. She talked about people who were enslaved, tortured, raped, or otherwise physically hurt. After a certain amount of pain, the soul has a tendency to remove itself from the body. This stops the pain. Many rape victims describe how they have learned to remove themselves from their bodies. They describe how they will go to a place across the room and watch what their oppressor is doing but they are not taking part in the ordeal. They are escaping the pain. The strange thing is that the rapist often removes himself from his body. They too may watch from a distance. This may be more understandable if we look at the example of people who become angry and they describe how they were *beside themselves*.

How does this work? How does the soul stop pain? The soul disconnects itself from the pain sensors in the body. As long as the soul is within a body, the soul connects to the pain sensors. Upon exiting the body, the pain sensors are disconnected. When within the body, the soul is capable of feeling pain as well as all other emotions.

At this point, she started talking about quantum physics. I was surprised at how simple she made it all seem. She went on to speak about how the laws of physics were similar but quite different from quantum physics. She emphasised that to understand metaphysics one must have an understanding of both physics and quantum physics. She went

on to explain how the results of an experiment in quantum physics depend on one variable that has no effect on experiments in physics. That variable she stated is a person's thoughts. "In quantum physics, the result that a person expects is the result that they will get." This is difficult for me to understand. I can see the correlation with requests to the Æther. When one makes a request to the Æther, the result that a person expects is the result that a person gets. I feel that I am beginning to understand. By asking for something with feeling and by imagining that you actually have what you are asking for, you are telling the Æther that you are expecting that result. Whatever you expect from the Æther, the Æther will manifest for you. Do I believe it? Well, let me put it this way. I don't disbelieve it. After all, it seems to work for me.

She had often stated that the first step for a person to take is to ask themselves what is their purpose in life. Everyone must ask themselves, "*Why am I here on earth?*" As I think about it, I wonder if my purpose is to enjoy myself? What legacy would that leave behind? How will my being on earth change the world? I then asked her what her purpose is and she answered. "I am determined to help make this world a better place. I firmly believe that each of us will inherit the world that we help to create. When I return, what kind of world would I like to see? This is what I ask myself and my life goal is to help create this world."

She hesitated as if in deep thought before she next spoke. "No, that is not quite right. I stated that I am determined to help make the world a better place. I should have said that I am trying to make the world a better place according to my definition of a better world. Do you see what I mean?"

I shook my head to indicate that I could not understand what she was talking about. She went on to explain that people are always looking for improvement, to make things better when in fact, there is no such thing as improvement, and there can never be improvement, only change. "In nature, there is no such thing as improvement since everything is perfect already. When something changes, there is always a trade off.

For example, is driving an automobile an improvement over walking? One will acknowledge that this is a change but is it an improvement? Walking definitely has benefits over driving a car and driving a car has benefits over walking but do you see the tradeoffs?"

I told her that I would have to think about this and she went on by going back to goals. She stated that all sub-goals must be congruent with one's life goals. She gave the example of someone wanting to create a better world but having a sub-goal of conquering and slaughtering their enemies. This, she said is much of the problem. It is hypocritical and it is selfish. They don't realise that what one concentrates on will be what one gets. It is a classic case of when you live by the sword; you shall die by the sword.

She emphasised that what one reaps is exactly what one sows and if the harvest does not come in this life, it will come in the next life. She stated that people typically believe that they are able to outwit the Æther. They somehow think that they will get a free ride. They believe that they may sow whatever they like and only reap what they want. She asserted that what you do to others, the Æther will see done to you.

She wondered if possibly some people honestly believed that they ruled by divine right. "Do people honestly believe that god wills them to have what they desire or do they just use this as an excuse to do what they wish to do?"

January 30

I find it hard to believe but I definitely feel closer to her than I have ever felt before. She is becoming more and more intimate with me in every way. I feel guilty that I'm enjoying life while I'm not earning my living. Am I a gigolo?

She told me about her love life. I admit that I again felt the pangs of jealousy for no rational reason. I can't stand the thought of her with another man. It's silly but that's the way it is.

She was twenty when she met Andrew. He was older. She thought that perhaps, at the time, he might have been thirty. She was attending lectures at Cambridge and enjoying the company of many fellow students who seemed to think as she did. Andrew was a career student. He came to Cambridge when he was seventeen or eighteen. It was unclear whether he had actually obtained a degree. To her it did not matter. After all, she, as a woman could not earn a degree; no matter what her knowledge or capabilities were.

At the time, all that she knew was that she was enamoured with Andrew despite the fact that he had a poor reputation. Most considered him a laggard with no purpose in life. He was extremely witty and he was always fun. Many compared him to Oscar Wilde. People would comment on what a waste it was to have such an intelligent man throwing his life away. She was flattered to receive a little attention from him. She was not aware of his game. He would be very attentive and courteous one day but he would completely ignore her the next day. She was continually wondering what she had done to receive his rebuff.

Apparently, Andrew's family was very wealthy and he had come into a sizable inheritance. There was no need for him to work. He saw life as one big party. He began to ask her to come to the continent with him. She thought, why not, he was always a gentleman. He never made any advances on her and besides the other girls seemed to be jealous. She felt flattered.

It was in the Brittany countryside. They had spent a few days at a hostel on the seaside. The patron's wife was an excellent cook and the wine was good. She realised that she did not know how pleasurable life could be. One morning they borrowed two bicycles and toured through the countryside. The patron's wife packed a delicious picnic

lunch with a few bottles of wine for them. Around noon hour, they stopped by a small grove of trees up on a knoll overlooking the sea. The waves sounded softly on the shore and the sun was warm as it came out from behind the fluffy white clouds. It was a perfect summer day. As they reclined on the blanket it seemed only natural that he should kiss her ever so tenderly on the cheek and then on the lips. She was not exactly sure how it happened but she lost her virginity on that summer afternoon.

Afterwards, she thought about it. She loved him and she was certain that he loved her. It was evident in the way that he sometimes treated her. He never verbalised his affection for her. It was if he expected her to take it for granted. She wished that he would tell her that he loved her but somehow he never did.

After the trip to the continent, he began taking her to parties. There were many parties, mostly in London. Most of his friends were wealthy and some of them were aristocracy. These aristocrats naturally assumed that they were a cut above the crowd. At first, she was surprised and shocked at what was going on at these parties. Not only was there a lot of alcohol but she was sure that some of the people were taking other inebriants. In addition, there seemed to be a lot of sex, which was mostly covert, but occasionally it was quite open. She started to refuse his invitations to parties. He became annoyed.

Early on a Friday he invited her to London. She claimed that she was busy. He told her that it would be a quiet affair; just an afternoon tea on Saturday and back on Sunday. She reluctantly accepted. It was a large house in Mayfair. There were only six at tea, three young gentlemen and three girls. She wondered why she was there. She felt that she just did not fit in and she became annoyed. She detested the idle chitchat about nothing and the cutting gossip along with the inane humour that passed for amusement. She was beginning to see that Andrew was no different from his reputation. He was a waster with too much money and too much idle time on his hands. She asked herself how she could

have been so stupid as to fall for his line. She could see that his charm was just play-acting. He meant absolutely nothing that he professed.

Unknowingly, she must have passed out since she remembers nothing between the moment that she was sipping tea and the moment when she realised that she was lying on a bed, totally in the nude. She rolled over to see an unknown naked man sleeping beside her while two other men, who were also in the nude, reclined on easy chairs. One of these men asked her how she had enjoyed her romp. She looked around for Andrew. He was not there. Where were her clothes? She pulled over a blanket, which she used to wrap herself. She wandered about the house, eventually finding her clothes, which were all in a heap in another room. She dressed, went to a washroom, and tidied herself up as best she could.

She did not know what to do. She was too embarrassed to confide in anyone. She realised that one or more men must have raped her. What could she do about it? She realised how naive she was and how much she had to learn about life and about people.

Over time as she thought about it, she concluded that to Andrew and all of his rich and influential friends, life was just a big game. It seemed that the game was one of continual one up man ship.

She realised that not only did these people think that they were above the law but they made sure that they actually were. It was like a little secret society. She remembered how she had studied Shakespeare's plays and looked upon them as fiction. She now realised how much truth there was in those stories.

She told me how she could now look back at this time and see these people for what they are. "They are all seriously bored. They are bored with the world and with themselves. They have too much money and influence. They know that they could get away with any kind of behaviour, even an occasional murder if necessary. They have this need. They must be constantly humoured and entertained. They will do anything

to combat their constant boredom. In addition, to think how many young girls, who are intoxicated on the tale of Cinderella, envy these people. These young girls have no idea what these wealthy people's lives are really like. Would they envy them if they were fully knowledgeable about the true state of their affairs?"

She told me about how she came to see this group of people as conceited individuals who were in a continual state of competition with a total disregard and contempt for the law. In short, they were arrogant as well as conceited. She used the example of Oscar Wilde to illustrate her opinion of that society of the wealthy and influential.

She felt that even though Oscar Wilde was officially sentenced to prison for being a homosexual; the real reason that he went to prison was that Oscar Wilde was an arrogant and conceited man. In her opinion, Oscar Wilde lived in a circle of people who were used to doing exactly as they pleased regardless of the laws of the land. In the Victorian age, morality laws gave the world an impression that was different from the true England of the day. In essence, the people of England were a group of hypocrites who consistently broke the laws while the people they delegated to enforce the laws habitually turned a blind eye.

She stated that Oscar Wilde was not a homosexual. In addition, in her opinion, he was not a heterosexual nor was he a bi-sexual. She stated that Oscar Wilde was asexual. Sex was not important to him for the sake of sex. He, along with his friends viewed sex as a human need that is little different from the need to eat. The only difference is that one could live without sex but one could not live for very long without food. Just as a man may eat at home or eat out, these people looked at sex as a need that should be satisfied in the same manner. If one's needs were not satisfied at home, one could have a little nibble wherever and whenever one should feel the need. As a man may pay a good price for a gourmet meal, he should be willing to pay for satisfying his sexual desires. As a man may grab a snack on the run he may also snatch a quick release whenever the urge comes to him. He may do this

by cornering an unsuspecting chambermaid or grabbing a stand-up whore on the street corner.

She said that Oscar Wilde and his friends cared about two things. Number one they cared about winning the game that they were playing. In fact, the entire group that he belonged to cared only about always being on top. About being the winner. This is their constant goal. The second thing that he and his friends cared about was proving, mostly to satisfy their own needs, that they had power. They could manipulate young girls or boys who were living in poverty by dangling the promise of a fine meal as well as a few coins in front of them. They found some sort of gratification with the feeling of power that they obtained by flaunting the laws of the land and by degrading young boys and innocent girls. These people got married and had children to show the world that they were living a respectable life and to satisfy their parents who controlled the purse strings. Somehow, this subterfuge made them feel that they had superior intelligence over the world that they thought they fooled.

She went further to say that in Oscar Wilde's world everything was a game and the important thing was to win at that game. He was like the young schoolchild who shouted, "*My father can lick your father*". Each one was continually trying to prove that they were a little bit superior to the next fellow.

She described how, to show their superior intelligence, their common tool is wit. She stated that Oscar Wilde used wit to his advantage. Whenever one plays a game to win, one will usually look for an edge or an advantage over the next chap. Oscar Wilde used deceit to his advantage. As he had pre-planned with his confederates, they would bring a conversation around to a certain topic so that Oscar could throw out one of the little chestnuts that he kept in his bag of witty comebacks.

At the little week end country estate outings there were always bets on who would bed whom. The new initiates to these outings were the

special game to be subdued. All kinds of subterfuge, blackmail, and bribery with the servants determined whose bedroom had an adjoining door to whose bedroom. If the challenge was to bed an initiate, it never mattered what age or gender that initiate was. It only mattered that one should be the winner. She went further to say that she believed that Oscar Wilde played the game very well. He seduced the young and the old of both sexes as long as there was a challenge. It was all a game. In addition, he was determined to win. That is her opinion.

She went on to say that England in the year 1895, was the most prosperous and powerful country in the world. The sun never set on the British Empire and every world map showed pink as the most prominent colour. Authors such as Arthur Morrison and George Gissing detailed an entirely different England. They showed an England that was plagued with poverty and homelessness. Work was hard to come by and if one were fortunate enough to obtain employment as a servant in a wealthy household, a police constable or a public servant, one would feel that they had died and gone to heaven. If a man or woman lost their job and their employer had them blacklisted, they would be condemned to the workhouse. Consequently, anyone fortunate enough to have a good job did whatever was necessary to keep that job even if it meant committing immoral acts or turning a blind eye to the upper classes' indiscretions.

The police and courts knew that they should enforce all of the laws when dealing with the lower strata of citizens but they also were aware that enforcing these same laws when dealing with the influential strata meant that they could be walking on a very slippery slope. Very few people had the courage to do something that may jeopardise their job.

The life of the upper class was one of constant competition. The game was to win at all odds. One would try to prove that they were wittier, cleverer, and more adept at hunting, riding horses, playing cards, playing croquet or any other diversion that was in vogue at the time.

They played the game of seduction while they had youth and virility. When one moved into the more advanced years, one could safely acquiesce to be a bystander and other members of this society accepted this. Being a bystander did not mean that one quit the game. On the contrary, it only meant that one moved from being an active player to being a meddler, a tormentor, and possibly a mentor for the right price.

When it came to sexual seduction, Oscar Wilde, like all of his peers was willing to accept, as a fact, that all was fair in love and war. The more difficult the seduction was, the more interesting and intense was the game. One did not mind if the victim was male or female and one did not care whether their exploits were successful or not. The goal was to prove beyond a reasonable doubt to your little clique that you had accomplished a very difficult hunt and that they had to acknowledge that you were the victor. She said that this is no different from hanging a set of deer antlers above the fireplace.

In addition, in England, having sexual relationships with another man was not only breaking moral codes, it was also illegal. This added excitement to the seduction. This group compared the seduction of a chambermaid to shooting fish in a barrel. Laws existed that allowed an employer to dismiss any girl in their employ if she became pregnant. It did not matter who had impregnated the girl or whether the pregnancy was the result of a rape. A girl bearing an illegitimate child was, in the eyes of the law, always in the wrong.

She continued to describe how Oscar was having an affair with Arthur Douglas whose father was the Marquess of Queensberry. "The Marquess had another son who apparently committed suicide after being teased about his own homosexual affair. The Marquess, apparently would stop at nothing to terminate Wilde's affair with his son. He sent Wilde a note addressed to "*Oscar Wilde, posing as a sodomite*". She emphasised how the word sodomite had been misspelled and she asked me why it was misspelled. I couldn't tell her why.

She went on to say that she concluded that Wilde felt that the Marquess was challenging him to a competition and he stood up to the challenge. "Douglas was more influential and powerful than Wilde but Wilde was certain that Douglas would not pursue this matter since it would mean implicating his son in a homosexual affair with Wilde. Wilde was certain that nobody would dare break the code of silence to testify against him and even if they did, Wilde felt that any evidence of homosexual acts would be ignored as they usually were in the upper class society."

"Oscar Wilde misjudged his opponent. His arrogance and conceit caused him to continue his affair with Arthur Douglas and to thumb his nose at the Marquess of Queensbury. When Wilde blindly continued with a libel suit against the Marquess, the Marquess used his influence to have Wilde arrested and charged with indecent acts."

She seemed to be a little steamed and we both realised that we had definitely gotten off topic. She got back to her affair with Andrew and her predicament. She told me that soon after the Mayfair affair, she found herself to be pregnant. She detailed how she was in utter despair. Andrew, when she informed him, just laughed and blurted out that it was a bit of poor planning and bad luck on her part. He then told her not to bother him anymore if she did not wish to be a little more entertaining.

I thought that I knew this woman fairly well. How surprised I was to see this pillar of strength, determination and independence completely break down in front of me. She openly cried as she related her tale. She asserted that she was so relieved to talk to someone. I forgot all about her relationship with her cabin friend. I am certain that she loves and trusts me. Why else would she reveal her dark secrets to me? This is indeed salve on my jealous wounds.

She told me that she had gone to Paris. She had heard through the grapevine that many girls travelled there to take care of their problems.

She confided in one of her college friends. Jean had the reputation of being a suffragist and she not only had campaigned for women's right to vote, she campaigned for complete equality of women. When she related her story to Jean, Jean became incensed. Her debates with men were legendary and now this tale was more grist for her mill. To her, all men are evil and it was up to women to save the world.

One of Andrew's female friends gave her an address in Paris. This friend told her that it would be best if she did it outside the country. Jean accompanied her to Paris. She did not know if walking down a dark alley in Paris was more fearful than exposing the fact to the world that she was expecting an illegitimate child. She felt that the manly woman that walked with her to the address on the little slip of paper would be able to give her the protection that she needed. They came to the address and knocked. When they gave the password that she had memorised, a middle-aged greatly obese woman opened the door. When they came out, she was groggy and she could feel the blood trickling down her thigh. Although she was extremely weak, they managed to board a train to Calais. While she was exiting the train in London, she collapsed. When she woke up, she was in a hospital ward bed. She looked around the room. She calculated that there must have been forty or fifty beds. The noise, along with the smells was nauseating. She felt so weak and tired.

She remembered a doctor coming by on his rounds. He told her how lucky she was to be alive. He related how she had slept for three days. He detailed how they had managed to control the bleeding as well as avert an infection. He told her that she was on the mend. *"My dear,"* he said, *"you realise that you will never be able to bear a child."* As she related this to me, she broke down into tears. "There isn't a day that goes by that I don't regret terminating that pregnancy."

She then went on to tell me her conversation with a woman named Violet who had contracted syphilis from a lover when she was in her twenties. She stated that in those days, there was no cure for syphilis

and not only could this woman not have children but she had to live with this disease for the remainder of her life. "I suppose that I got off relatively easy." Was she just trying to downplay her misfortune or was she genuinely grateful with the knowledge that she would not suffer any more than she has been already?

She then said a very strange thing to me. She stated that for everything bad that happens, there is something beneficial in it. "Every ill wind blows some good". She said that because of what had happened, she better understands the laws of life. She credited this dark moment in her life for opening her eyes to the key ingredients for living more satisfactorily. These ingredients are self-confidence, self-discipline, education, and morality. She went on to tell me that after this, she stayed in Cambridge and continued her studies.

Note to the reader: Does one first need adversity in life in order to experience the joy of life? Neil MacDonald agrees that one does.
"What you appreciate most is that which you have found after losing it."

February 5

She told me how Jean seemed to be the only friend that she had when she came out of the hospital. Jean had a small flat close to the college and she invited her to stay there. She had lost a lot of blood but under Jean's tender nursing she slowly regained her health. She told me about how Jean despised men to the point of hatred. She often wondered why this was but Jean never gave any hints about her former days. Once she asked Jean if she had always hated men. Jean's first reaction was to deny this accusation. Later, Jean talked about how much she had admired and loved her father.

Without my asking, she blurted out that her and Jean became lovers. She stated that all people have sexual instincts and desires and that it would be wrong to deny this fact. She told me how Jean professed to love her and to lust after her body. She did not find Jean repulsive and she went on to describe how Jean had quite a large clitoris. She described it as being at least an inch long when erect. She asked me if that was normal for a woman to have a clitoris that size. I admitted that I had little experience in these matters. I did tell her that when she was aroused, her clitoris did stick up but no more than a quarter of an inch. She told me that Jean's organ stuck up so far that it rose above the protective skin around it. She then said a strange thing to me. She described how this engorged clitoris aroused her sexually and she described the intense orgasms that she had experienced with Jean. She admitted that before Jean, she did not even know that a woman could experience an orgasm.

I asked her if she was homosexual. She laughed and told me not to be silly. She asked if I did not have beautiful sex with her. She then became serious. She accused me of not taking my journey into metaphysics seriously. She related how her many talks about hypnotism seemed to have no effect on me. "Haven't you learned anything?" She asked.

Eventually, I convinced her that I was slow to catch on to things and that I needed a lot of explanation in order for me to see things clearly. She then went on to describe her theories on homosexuality.

"Jean and I had a wonderful relationship together even though she is as narrow minded as I tended to be broad minded." She described how homosexuality is a choice. She described it as follows.

"We are all born with a blank slate. Our experiences in life will write messages on this slate. Jean had a message written that men are bad. As she matured, she had the power within her to understand why she had this message on her slate. She also has the power to alter this message, erase this message or to leave it on the board as is. With sexuality, everyone has messages on their board. A chance touch or caress on one's young body may write a message on one's board. If that touch arouses sexual feelings then perhaps the perfume that the person who touched you was wearing may cause one to recall those same sexual feelings."

"We do have the ability to write on our slate and also to erase messages on our slate. A simple affirmation, repeated daily in front of a mirror, is enough to cause your subconscious brain to erase a message from the slate. She went on to describe someone looking into a mirror and stating that men excite them sexually while imagining sexual acts will cause their feelings and their desires to change. If one repeats this message daily, they will find that men will eventually excite them sexually. Conversely, if one's affirmation is that dark haired girls excite them sexually then that will eventually become reality. It is that simple. So," she concluded, "homosexuality is a choice."

Note to the reader: I am certain that many people would not agree with her theories about sex. There are even differences of opinion amongst psychiatrists.

She went on to explain that she felt that she was experienced and intelligent enough to know why, at one point she preferred Jean to men. She

stated that once bitten, twice shy is an old but true adage. A man had deeply hurt her and now she had difficulty to bring herself to trust any man. She loved Jean emotionally and she asked if there was any reason why she should not love Jean physically. It was her choice. It was as simple as that.

I asked her how she could bring herself to make love to me if what she was saying is true. I now regret that I had brought this up. I also asked her how she could bring herself to have sex with her friend at the cabin. She declared that she was a grown woman and that she did what she pleased. She emphatically stated that she took orders from nobody.

I realised that I had hit a sore point and my questions were causing her to become a little upset.

February 8

I have apologised to her and she has come around. I'm finding that she is more willing to talk if I give her no prodding and refrain from asking questions. It seems that she wants to talk to someone about her past. It's as if she wants to air out all of her dirty laundry. I'm flattered that she wishes to have me as her confidant.

She told me that she lived with Jean for a total of ten years. Jean had a tendency to stifle her. She related how she felt that a woman could be much more jealous than a man. She described Jean as a man with a woman's sexual parts. On campus, the men referred to Jean as a bulldog wearing lipstick. In Jean, she found what she was looking for. She found warmth and security. She described how Jean was a different person when it was just the two of them. "Nobody would believe how warm and loving she could be. Her caresses can be so tender, she was always considerate about my needs and desires, and she had an instinct to know what brought me to extreme sexual heights. She was a perfect spouse." Her exact words to me were, "I sometimes wish that I could have found a man just like Jean."

This remark hurt me deeply. What is wrong with me? Do I not meet her wants and needs? Then I remembered the sounds of her orgasms when she was with her cabin friend. Indeed, I am not as adept in that department as I like to believe that I am.

I inquired as to how her relationship with Jean had ended. She emphatically declared that it never did end. She said that, "It sort of died a peaceful death." That is how she described the ending.

She then went on to tell me her tale. In was in the tenth year of her relationship with Jean. In Cambridge, she had been working extensively on hypnotism and the relationship between the four people in our bodies, which are the conscious mind, the subconscious mind, the bodily instincts, and the soul. She was working through the Pantheist Society that she and Jean belonged. The colleges did not fully recognise the work that she was doing. The head researcher that she had been working with approached her with a proposition.

She started the tale with, "It was funny. He asked me if I was familiar with several institutions in North America that were in the business of raising IQs. I thought that he was referring to some type of animal. A picture of a barbeque came to my mind. I knew that the word barbeque came from a French term, which translates, into English as, *from the beard to the asshole*. This is because the original barbeque was an eviscerated pig rotated on a spit that one shoved through the mouth to the hind end of the pig. I now thought that when he referred to IQ, he was speaking about some animal that was raised to be roasted over an open fire." Despite not appreciating the humour in this, I snickered politely.

Her research mate explained the workings of several institutions in both Canada and the neighbouring United States that were in the business of increasing a person's intelligence quotient. She had asked this man whether we could deem this as some sort of quackery since; officially, everyone is born with a certain IQ and that theoretically one's IQ could never change. This one incident brought the realisation to her

that what we officially did and what we practised unofficially are two different things.

Her fellow researcher explained to her how wealthy and influential families in North America wished to send their children to elite colleges and were unable to do so because their children could not pass the entrance tests. He went on to explain that, so far, it was common to bring a child's IQ up from eighty-five points to one hundred points.

A group of financiers in the United States wished to start up a new institution in Vermont. They had purchased an out of the way estate of some 560 acres. There were existing buildings on the estate that could be utilised and they wished to start classes in less than a month. They had heard about the research being done at Cambridge and they were impressed enough to make inquiries about hiring some of our researchers to help them get the program started. Upon her fellow researchers' recommendations, they were willing to offer a position in the new institution to her. She had until the end of the week to make her decision.

She told me how Jean had insisted that she go. She had put in the stipulation that Jean must accompany her. After much discussion, both agreed that she would go alone and after one year, she would return to Cambridge or Jean would join her in America. It would be a trial run.

In the end, she stayed in America ten years and each year, Jean declined to join her. She told me how they communicated by post on a regular basis and each summer she returned to England. Somehow, after the first year of separation, the relationship was not the same. Their passion cooled and the fire slowly went out. Jean was extremely busy with women's rights. My friend's interest in this movement was diminishing. She was too busy with her new job.

She told me that in the first year, they had made great strides. She gave me several examples of IQs that went up by over forty points in one year. I asked her about hypnosis. She went on to explain how they used

positive affirmation to change the students' beliefs. In reality, she stated that this is a type of self-hypnosis.

February 9

She described the school and the grounds that surrounded the building as well as the countryside in Vermont in detail. She said that it is a lot like the area around her friend's cabin. Then she began to talk about Mathew. He was born in Montreal and had done his studies and research in that city. They worked very closely together, not always agreeing but usually coming to a compromise as to how things were to proceed. His research was similar to hers. The fact that his parents raised him in a catholic household might explain why he is now a staunch atheist who often quotes Eugene O'Neil. She gave me one quote that he often used. *Obsessed by a fairy tale, we spend our lives searching for a magic door and a lost kingdom of peace.*

She went on to relate to me how her superiors had told Mathew that personal religious views should be kept to oneself. Mathew had difficulty with this as he felt that much of the neurosis that he saw had its roots in religion. Mathew was eventually silenced and he became reticent on all topics involving religion.

I was surprised when she informed me that after two years of knowing each other Mathew and she were married. Official policy suggested to all of the staff that for appearance sake, it was better to have married staff at the institution and her and Mathew decided to have a marriage of convenience. She stated that it was much like Cole Porter's marriage.

They had seven years together. She described Mathew as a very small boned quiet man. He was dark in complexion with fine facial features that were somewhat hidden by a full beard. She described his build to be very slight and his mannerisms to be effeminate. Although he was in his thirties, she said that he had a very boyish look about him. His skin was fine and soft and he had a full head of black hair that he kept

well groomed. She stated that she thought that he wore a full beard to make himself look older and more masculine. She described their sex life as adequate. She stated that whenever she tried to initiate sex, he showed annoyance. Although they never discussed it, at the beginning, she felt that concerning sex he could take it or leave it. In fact, her opinion was that he could easily be celibate. She did say that when they did have sex, he was warm and willing to do what was necessary to give her some enjoyment. She did learn that as an altar boy a priest had sexually molested him. She thought that this might explain why he was the submissive one in their sexual relations.

She told me that there could be other reasons for the inadequate sex life. Although he never stated it, she felt that he had the belief that one should only have sex for procreation. He referred to it as an animal desire and he insinuated that women should not find enjoyment in sex. A woman should give in to a man out of a sense of duty and in order to be impregnated. A man's desire for sex was purely an animal instinct to ensure procreation. He told her that a woman should be worshiped and loved and that any man who used a woman to satisfy his animal desires was detestable. When they did have sex, it was always during her fertile time of the month.

She had never told him that she was unable to bear children but after seven years of a childless marriage, he asked for a divorce. He stated that he had come to a point in his life where he needed to have children of his own. It was only with reluctance that she agreed to a divorce. She had come to be somewhat comfortable in their arrangement. She told me that she could understand his desires for children and she knew that she could not fulfill them just as he was unable to fulfill her desires. She knew that she would still have her work. She had grown into a routine and she was somewhat comfortable with her life.

Less than a year after their separation, Mathew married a devoutly religious woman who had never previously been married. She was from his hometown. Seven months after they married, she delivered their

first child. The first was a healthy son. In less than a year, a girl followed. An acquaintance told her that in total, they had five children, and that he continued to teach at the institution.

Shortly after they were divorced, she left Vermont and moved back to Canada. It was while she was in Vermont that she discovered that she was receiving blood money as dividends on her inheritance. She wished to do something with this money to help the people who had been exploited. Her dream was to open up an institution on an Indian reserve and to continue working to raise peoples' IQs. With this new endeavor, she had not considered that, besides the federal government, she would also have the adopted attitudes of the American Indian people to deal with.

She went on to relate that in her opinion, these people are their own worst enemies. She declared that one could not rationalise with them and they do everything to hold each other back. I reminded her that nobody is successful at influencing others by rational thought, only through emotions. She barked back at me that that was true only with the ignorant and uneducated population. I reminded her that the federal government and their agents insured that all of these people were ignorant and uneducated. I reminded her of the File Hills farm report that she had recently read. I asked her how much academic teaching the schools did at this Indian school. The report showed how the school enslaved the Indian children on a farm to do manual labour and that the school taught them nothing except what they needed to become a better slave. I asked her how many learned how to read, write and how to do simple arithmetic. She did not answer me.

She was in despair. Her endeavours to help her people were fruitless. She could not understand why the reserves should be as they are. When she was working in Vermont, everyone involved was on her side. The parents of the students wanted their children to attend a prestigious college and the governments ignored what the instructors were doing. She admitted that the students' parents have a lot of influence

and power. It was true that some of the students had no interest in furthering their education. They did see improvements on IQ exams for all of the students. Even with the ones that co-operated the least.

She declared that her life was a waste. I did not argue with her. I knew that she was in a state of depression. I knew that it would pass. I hoped that it would pass quickly.

Note to the reader: I looked into this matter and indeed, I did manage to find schools in the United States that prepare students for college entrance exams.

February 28

She asked me if I would like to go to Cambridge with her. I hesitated but after a few days of thought, I agreed to go. In the state that she was in, I thought that a trip to England might be what she needed.

Cambridge is a beautiful place. Coming from Western Canada, I could easily believe that I was on a different planet. We are not staying right in Cambridge although we are spending a lot of time in and around the colleges. She has an old friend, Jessica, who lives ninety miles northeast from Cambridge. It is a pleasant train ride to the smaller village. Her friend's house is a large Georgian two-storied building with a brick front and large windows with false shutters. It sits on a small fenced acreage. We could see sheep grazing on the fields as we entered the property.

Surprisingly, her friend, except for servants, lives by herself. She seemed exceptionally happy to see her old classmate from Canada. They babbled on about old acquaintances and things that they did at college. They agreed, but not convincingly, that those were the best years. I felt that I was somewhat of a gorilla at a garden party. At first, both of them ignored me but after a few days, they invited me into

their conversations. It was not all-serious talk but eventually they came around to discuss what brought us to Cambridge.

When she asked her friend how she was getting along with the locals and if anyone asked her why she went to neither church nor chapel, her friend laughed and exclaimed that everyone has accepted the fact that she is *queer*. The question now came to the surface. If one believes in the Æther, could society rightfully refer to them as an atheist? They discussed attitudes in general and agreed that to the average citizen, labelling someone as an atheist could be seen as one of the biggest insults that one could make. Society holds murderers in higher esteem than atheists. She became quite assertive when she declared that the Æther is god and god is the Æther. It is all semantics. She emphasised that any individual has the freedom to personify the Æther if they so wished.

They talked about a distinct society that acknowledged the Æther. It is not publicised since the members feel that it is not worth their while to defend their beliefs to non-believers. They agree that if the average person wished to refer to them as atheists and condemn them for being one that is their choice.

Her friend believes that anyone who condemns atheists is doing so out of fear. They fear the consequences of having no god. It is much the same as when parents take Santa Claus away. Some children have an emotional breakdown when they find out that Santa Claus is just a pretend character.

She asked the question, "How conceited are people to believe that a god would pick them out of a crowd of billions and take a special interest in them? Do they honestly believe that they are so important? If you take away god, you take away their security and you take away their scapegoat." She explained that people like to blame god for bad luck as well as good luck. If something bad is happening to them, they blame

god instead of asking what they, themselves, did to bring on this bad luck.

“A person who follows the Æther realises that what one thinks about is what one gets. How many people continue to think of misfortune while they are praying to their god? Usually misfortune weighs heavily on their mind since it is what they fear the most. They don’t realise that what they think about is what they eventually receive.”

She explained it to me that the unfortunate thing is that people who believe in a god tend to think that they have no control over themselves. For example, people generally accept their infirmity as god’s will. People who have studied metaphysics know differently. How many people have healed their infirmities by visualisation and mental affirmation? This is how the placebo effect works. A person becomes what they believe they are.

In my instincts, I know this to be true. I am exactly the weight that I believe is my perfect weight. She has even noticed and commented on this fact. In bed the other night, she declared that I have lost my belly. For several months now, I have been looking in the mirror at least twice daily and affirming that I am my perfect weight and I have a picture in my mind of that perfect weight.

Jessica showed me the data on several experiments, which shows that the levels of hormones in a person’s body changes with a change in emotions. Somehow, it makes perfect sense to me. How could a person who is under constant stress have the ability to heal? A change in attitude creates a change in emotions, which results in a change in the power to heal. To me it makes perfect sense.

Churches affirm the power of prayer. However the reason for this is not given. It is not that god intervenes. It is because the people believe. What one believes one achieves. It is as simple as that.

Jessica told us that Henderson, one of their friends, has come out of the closet. He has openly declared himself an atheist by publishing a book on his beliefs. She argued with him by declaring that a believer in the Æther is indeed a religious and spiritual person. Her friend is austocised by the locals. Children have spit on him in the street and adults have shouted profanities at him as well as turning their back on him in public. Is that good Christian behaviour? No wonder we all keep quiet about our beliefs. Our host has invited this friend to tea.

Note to the reader: She doesn’t come out and say that she is an atheist. She does say that she believes in the Æther. Could one say that she has a religion?

March 2

This afternoon at tea there was just the four of us including Jessica, Henderson, and myself. Henderson told us about the book that he had recently published. It, apparently, caused quite a stir in the community. People are ashamed of having an atheist in their midst. People exclaimed their astonishment at him being an Englishman as if to imply that they could understand it if a foreigner was an atheist but not an Englishman.

She seemed to be going off topic when she related to us that when Galileo revealed the theory that the earth revolved around the sun, he did so by publishing a supposedly fictional work. When the church charged him with blasphemy, he declared that his work was fiction and he did not expect anyone to believe it. This did not prevent them from arresting Galileo and putting him in gaol. It could have been much worse for him if he had not published his work as fiction. She suggested to Henderson that he might look into the power of fiction.

She declared that if one wanted to study history, they would be better off to read books in the fiction section and if one wanted to read fiction, they would do better to search the history section. She suggested that

we should keep in mind that the conqueror always writes the history books. The conquered have no say in the matter. Secondly, she stated that historians have learned the art of flattery and obsequiousness. They are fully aware of who butters their bread. She went on to say that to change history, one must have extensive proof well beyond a reasonable doubt. This proof is very hard to come by and it is always questioned while the establishment seldom questions original history. For example, we have extensive proof that Thomas Edison purchased patent rights for an incandescent light from a Canadian. Nobody has changed the history books to reflect this. Thomas Edison is and will forever be the inventor of the incandescent light.

She went on to tell us of evidence that shows that people flew aeroplanes years before the Wright brothers. This, however, has not changed history. She continued by telling us about various examples of radio voice messages being transmitted and received long before Marconi applied for his patents. Another example that she gave us was printed evidence that there were working telephones in France ten years before Bell patented his. She stated that she could give further examples and that history is a lot of bunk. She then laughed as she asked us, "Didn't Mark Twain say that?"

She asked Henderson if he had read *The Grapes of Wrath*. He admitted that he had not. She told us that Eleanor Roosevelt had read that book and had stated that this book had changed the way that she viewed the state of the nation. In addition, her opinion helped to change the president's view and the nation's view of the depression. John Steinbeck had learned the power of fiction. She then went on to tell us how Charles Dickens and Victor Hugo had used the power of fiction to get their messages across.

She explained that factual books could be exceedingly dry. When someone writes a factual book, one has to stick to what facts that they are able to verify. Often what are taken as facts are just someone's opinions that were written in a treatise or diary. Also, the author must

indicate all sources for their material. The author of a factual book must not assume anything and in most cases the author will omit dialogue and peoples' feelings and thoughts. The author usually has no knowledge about these things. She went on to say that with fiction, the author has great liberties. He may give the facts as he sees them with no proofs. He may invent dialogue and write down his characters' thoughts and feelings. In short, he may make the book very interesting to the readers instead of writing a dry work that can be a difficult read even for an academic. She suggested to Henderson that he should consider writing a work of fiction.

March 5

We are in Stonehenge. She wanted to show me this ancient wonder. Indeed, I am greatly impressed. She is familiar with all of the details of the site as well as with the surrounding area. She told me how she had witnessed the stones aligning when the summer solstice occurred.

She stated that the Pagans looked at the sun as a sacred object that is the source of all life. In fact, she affirmed that Jesus Christ is in reality the sun god personified. She believes that the Pagan beliefs and rituals greatly influenced the Christian religion.

March 21

We arrived back at my house, which overlooks the reserve. I am non-treaty so I do not have the right to live on the reserve. Unlike an Indian, I do have the right to own land. The Indian act forbids Treaty Indians from owning land of any sort. The land on the reserve is by law owned by the Crown. The band inhabits the land but the land belongs to the Crown. In a way, this is ironic since the original white men criticised the Indians for believing that nobody could own land. The white man preached that individuals do have the right to own land. When the government formed Indian reserves, they declared that

these individuals did not have the right to own land on a reserve and Indians themselves do not have the right to own any land, on or off the reserves. The Canadian laws do not recognise Indians as people but as wards of the Crown much the same as a child is the ward of their parents.

March 22

It wasn't a full day after we arrived back when we received visitors. Seven women knocked at my door. They stated that they wanted to talk to Teacher. I invited them in and I put on a kettle on to boil. Luckily, I had purchased provisions in Winnipeg and I was just making bannock.

As is the custom with these people, we ate bannock with jam and sipped tea for a considerable length of time before any serious talk began. Martha Hamilton, the leader of the group spoke first.

"We see that there must be a change with our people." They all nodded in agreement. "We see that something must be done." Again, there were nods of approval. "The white man has ruled our ways too long. We have to take charge of our life. When you came here, you told us about how smart we were and how we could be educated. We did not believe you. We did not see the importance in your words. You spoke at our meetings. Now, I have a vision. I have an understanding."

Martha carried on for quite some time before she actually spoke about their mission. She told us about her vision. She was standing in front of a dense bush. She felt that there were great rewards on the other side of this bush. She tried to walk into the bush but it was so dense that she made little progress. She could only move a few feet into the bush before the undergrowth entangled her. The bushes and trees blocked the sun and it was so dark that she could only see a few feet in front of herself. She was compelled to turn around and make her way back to the edge of the bush. She lost all sense of direction and she knew that she did not know which way to go back. The more that she struggled,

the more tightly bound she became in the undergrowth. She became so tired that she felt that she would collapse and the bush would eat her up. She looked up and despite the thick leaves on the upper branches of the trees, she saw a Golden Eagle soaring above. This eagle guided her to the edge of the trees, which was no more than ten feet away from where she was.

Martha explained that she asked the eagle to look over the bush and to tell her what was there. He gave her a vision of a village on the other side. The village stood in a grove of trees that had a sparkling creek running through it. There were many tents and people were scurrying about. Gardens surrounded the village. There were many squash, maize, bean and tomato plants growing in the gardens. Bison grazed beyond the garden. She asked the eagle to guide her to this village and the eagle agreed to do this. Rather than taking her into the bush, the eagle guided her to walk on the edge of the bush to circumnavigate this dense growth.

Martha told us how she had meditated so that she could interpret the meaning of her vision. She told us that the white men have blocked the Indians' enjoyment and prosperity by planting this dense bush in the Indians' way. The bush symbolises the Indian Act with all the rules that have chained the Indian to an impoverished and unhappy life. To reach the village that symbolises the life that the Indian deserves, one must get to the other side of the white men's obstacles.

Martha now detailed the reason why these seven women have come to my door. She stated that her vision showed her that Teacher is the Golden Eagle that guides the Indians to the life that they deserve. "We have six young people who wish to go to university and learn. We will guarantee that nobody will hold them back or put obstacles in their paths. This has been discussed and it has been agreed to."

I was impressed. All along she was feeling depressed because life seemed all so hopeless. Now there is a faint glimmer of hope. I see a

tiny light at the end of the tunnel. I looked at her and simply stated that the corn is green. She knew to what I was referring, but I sense some scepticism. I feel that she is afraid to get her hopes up since these hopes could tumble down in a matter of minutes.

She cautioned them. "You must understand that to reach our potential and to reach our goals we must follow the rules that the white man has made. To beat him at his own game we must first be educated to the white man's level and this education must be what he says is valuable and not what we believe is worthwhile." All nodded in agreement. She then added. "I will think about this and after I have meditated, I will give you my answer."

Note to the reader: We have come full circle. She is back where she is able to put her blood money to good use.

March 24

The seven women made a return visit. A long discussion ensued. The first thing that she told this group was that human nature is very hard to deal with. She stated that human nature dictates that a person's success may annoy even their friends. She asked how the village would accept the success of these six people when they are educated and move into the white world. None of the seven commented on this statement. They all nodded to show that they had heard and understood and then Martha stated that they would treat this as just another obstacle to overcome.

She then went on to tell the women that they were putting a lot of faith in her. She asked them how they could know that she would be able to meet the challenges that they are asking her to take on. Martha stated that the village has no choice. This visionary stated that it is futile to fight the white man as many of the villagers wish to do. She also stated that, as for the seven of them, they realise that fighting only gives birth to more fighting. She emphasised that if they would sow the seeds of

battle, they would eventually harvest only war and killing. She went on further to say that they knew that each time that they picked up a sword, that sword would multiply and turn against them.

Martha emphasised her point. "When I meditated on my village's wishes, I had a vision which I have told to you. That vision shows the white man as a dense forest. It shows me how futile it is to hack through the forest. The undergrowth will regenerate as fast as we are able to hack away at it. The Great Spirit has shown me the way to obtain what we desire. We must be like the fox and cautiously walk around the white man while he sleeps."

After many moments of silence Martha again spoke. "We have been shown the way. Now we must proceed with our journey. We must take one-step at a time. We must change our attitude. The dense bush that is in front of us is not our enemy. The bush is natural as all things in nature are natural. We may view it as an obstacle but it is not. It has every right to be here on earth as we do. If we attack it then it will see us as an enemy. But if we leave it in peace and walk around it then it will not bother us."

"Is this not like the grizzly bear whom we meet on the plains? The grizzly bear has the right to live peacefully with nature the same as we have. Mother Nature does not make distinctions. She does not give more rights to the bear than to us the People. Mother Nature allows all creatures to live peacefully according to her rules. If I am annoying the bear, he has his choices. He may attack me. He may ignore me. He may move away from me and allow me to move into his feeding ground. He will do this according to circumstances. If the bear has eaten much and does not have hunger, he may wander away to find a quiet place to enjoy a nap. If the bear has gone without food for a long time and is now furiously devouring the berries that he has come across, he may swipe me with his great paw as you may smack an annoying mosquito that does not leave you alone. If the bear thinks that I am a threat to him, he may kill me or he may decide that I would make a tasty meal

and he may bury me so that he can retrieve my body on a future day. In my experience, if I avoid the bear by walking in a large circle around him he will leave me alone. He is too interested in his lunch to be distracted by someone who is just going about their business.”

Martha silently looked at each one of us before she continued. “This is the way that I see the white man. We have no choice but to walk around him. What he does not know will not bother him. The white man is like the bear. He is too busy feeding his own face to worry about one small Indian Village. It is true that, like the bear, the white man does not care if the village has enough to eat or a dry and warm bed to sleep in. He does not care if our children live or die. He does not care if we make money and buy things from his stores. He only cares if he is being annoyed. If we demand food, he will care. If we demand warm beds, he will care. If we demand more land, he will care. The white man is like the bear who thinks that every berry on the tree belongs to him. The white man thinks that anything that he gives us comes from his own pocket. It does not matter if his pockets overflow. He, like the bear, is greedy. The white man is also like the bear in the respect that when he has satisfied his hunger, he will wander to a quiet place and have a nap. When the white man is sleeping, that is when we will feed. The white man will not become complacent and sleep if we continue to pester him. We must bide our time and keep from making noise until the white man becomes complacent enough and tired enough to lie down and go to sleep.”

This visionary’s analogy struck home. She impressed us with her logic. My friend and lover, was sceptical. She emphasised that the whole village must unite as one. She stated that we do not need a few of the villagers pestering the bear while the rest of us are waiting for sleep to overcome him. Traditionally the governments have paid individuals to spy and keep them informed. Divide and conquer. That has always been there motto. They believe that everyone has a price and some of the People have sold themselves very cheaply.

Martha did not comment on this but she continued. “Welfare is a bribe. We are aware of that and that is the reason that we seven wish that there shall be no more welfare for our people. The government knows that if they keep us dependent on them for food and shelter, then they have a hold on us. Why do you think that individuals are continually tempted? Why do they give certain people positions where they have the opportunity to skim the cream from the milk? We are fully aware that certain individuals, who the government has picked out and given authority to, divide the rations in such a manner that they always receive the lion’s share. The white man is experienced in finding the Judas amongst their conquered people and then exploiting their Judas to the fullest. The white man always picks an easily manipulated and ignorant person to be a Judas. They pick one who is too ignorant to know what Judas’ final fate was.”

Again, we sat in a long silence. These people have learned the importance and the value of silence. After presenting much information, a silence always follows so that everyone may digest and contemplate the information. We could not accuse any of these women of spouting off. It is not in their nature. Like the meetings with the talking stick, everything proceeds in a very dignified and orderly fashion.

All of these proceedings bring to my mind an old Greek saying. *People are normally opposite to what they really are.* I have seen some of the villagers in a drunken state. They were nowhere near being dignified and orderly. Is it frustration? Is it a feeling of hopelessness? I have seen men who, for months and years have experienced injustice and false accusations, come to a breaking point. I have witnessed them pull out a gun and shoot randomly at everyone and anyone. They, themselves, in the end lose. The police will gun them down. Was that, in their utter despair, their final attempt for recognition and was it their final wish to end their pain in a blizzard of bullets?

Finally, our teacher spoke. “Send the six here, to me. If we must circumvent the white man then we will need to do this off reserve. We

will first test the individuals to see where we will start. I am stressing that we must do everything in secret. Indian Affairs has no jurisdiction off reserve and because this house is off reserve we will work from here.” She turned to me for agreement and I simply nodded that I had no objection although I would have preferred it if she had asked to speak to me in private before she volunteered my dwelling. Possibly, she is just thinking on her feet. I could have asked for some time to think about this. I have made my decision and I will stick to it. Will I regret this decision?

We agreed that the six students would come the next morning at eight o’clock sharp. She stressed that punctuality is important in the white world and that no dilly dallying would be acceptable. Punctuality in all areas would be the number one rule. She told us that she would present further rules as we progressed.

I must admit that I’m greatly aroused and I feel a surge of happiness and hope. She firmly believes in altruism. I can understand why she has this belief. It seems that there is no greater joy than to see someone, who has fallen, stand up on their own after you have helped them. I have heard sceptics declare that there is no such thing as true altruism, since the giver would not give if there were no reward for them in the end. It is true that there is a feeling of elation when one watches the fallen stand up after one has helped these fallen individuals. This feeling of elation is a great reward but without that reward, the critics say, the altruistic would offer no help. I have no answer for this. I have always found that there always seems to be a reward in giving and I do enjoy the feeling.

March 26

I have never seen her in such a state of depression and despair as I did this afternoon. The six new students had arrived a few minutes before eight o’clock yesterday morning. We had arranged chairs in a circle.

First she asked each one individually what they had for breakfast that morning. Each one in turn admitted that they had not eaten since the day before. I now found out why Julie was with us. She nodded at Julie who went to the kitchen and started to rattle pots and pans. Obviously, our new teacher would be taking over my house. I sat in my corner as a quiet observer. I am quite willing to just watch, listen, and learn. I refuse to allow my mind to wander off and to worry. I keep on repeating that I am sending all troubles to the Æther. I am affirming to myself that the answer to all obstacles will come from the Æther. Is the Great Spirit in truth the Æther? I wonder about this as I sit in my chair with both feet flat on the floor, my hands upturned on my lap, and my eyes gently closed. Repeatedly I state, “I send everything to the Æther. The Æther will guide us and all will turn out for the best in the end.”

Soon she beckoned us to the kitchen. She asked us to bring our chairs with us. Julie had inserted the two leaves into my table. We sat and ate the scrambled eggs and toast that Julie had prepared. I wonder if the importance of regular meals is to be the first lesson that she wishes to pass on to these students.

As Julie was clearing the table, I scrutinised her. It is incredible how my friend is always one-step ahead of the game. I watched Julie and I reflected on her reputation. She had left the village as a young girl to train as a nurse but twelve or fifteen years later, she came back as a broken and disillusioned woman. What happened to her in the city? I wonder about this. She has been back in the village for about six years now. Since there is no doctor or nurse in the area, people call her to attend to illnesses. It now looks like she has accepted a job as a cook and housekeeper. I wonder how things will turn out.

We cleared the table together and she gave us a synopsis of her expectations. She went into detail about an examination that she was now handing out. She explained to the group that this exam would determine the courses of action that she would be taking in their training.

She stated that the test would indicate what each of them knew and it would be an indication of what they needed to learn.

She explained exactly how the test worked. She knew that none of them had adequate reading skills so she allowed them the freedom to ask for an explanation of anything that they could not understand. She did not give a time limit for them to write the exam.

The students were still working on their tests past twelve o'clock and I could see that Julie was delaying lunch so as not to interrupt them. It was almost a quarter after one before each one of them was satisfied that they had answered all of the questions to their satisfaction.

She allowed everyone to enjoy a quiet lunch. After lunch, she began asking each individual a series of questions. She wanted to know how old they were. How much schooling did they have? What were their interests? What did they do for pleasures? What chores did they do? Did they have a job? The questions went on for a long time. It was depressing. It was plain that none in the group seemed to have any feelings of self worth. Their lives were completely undisciplined. Although all of them had spent at least ten years in residential school, it was clear that none of them is well educated. The delegation of elder women spoke clearer and more precise English than they did. In addition, it was obvious that they are lacking in morals. They were continually laughing and giggling. In addition, they regularly belittled and made fun of each other. It was obvious that they were all nervous but it seemed to me that it was more than that. I think that they are trying to hide their sense of inferiority.

Around three o'clock Julie began to make supper. It was obvious that they would not be going home anytime soon. Just after five, we ate a hearty meal of stewed rabbit with root vegetables and fresh tea biscuits. Everyone was obviously hungry. What she had stated earlier seems to be true, that mental work is the hardest work and uses the most energy. The six of them seemed famished. Obviously, the exam was indeed

hard work for them. She told them not to come again until she summoned them. She stated that this might not be for a few days.

March 27

Just before lunch, she showed me the results of the exams. The lowest score was sixty-two. The highest was seventy-six. She was in a state of despair. "Do you know how much work it will take just to bring them up to an average level? I honestly don't know if I have the fortitude to do this."

March 28

The seven women arrived around two thirty. She went into details about the challenge. First, there was the question of routine. Next was the question of a proper diet and proper hygiene. She stated that she would not accept immoral behaviour. If they wished to live in a white man's world, she declared that they had to become better than a white man is.

"The downfall of the Indian, she declared is that he is just too honest. The white man's hypocrisy is a tool that he uses to create reputations. You seldom see a white man drunk or performing immoral acts in public. He does these things behind closed doors. In addition, if any white man commits a crime, society declares him an anomaly. We all are aware of the fact that the white man is more crooked than the Indian is. But, it is appearances that count and the Indian must be fully aware of the appearance that he is showing to the world."

It was not until just past six when the seven women left. I fear for the worst. Teacher has agreed to go ahead with the project after the women made many promises and concessions. All of these are in writing. She saw to that.

She is knowledgeable and she is experienced but would this challenge be her Waterloo? The only positive points are that the seven women have great determination and they have a great belief in our teacher's abilities. Martha emphasised several times that she has seen the future in her vision so she is certain that it will happen. As I listened to her, I asked myself if she is naive. I remembered what Napoleon Hill said. *"I have seen the impossible happen so many times that I know that there is no such thing as impossible."*

She glanced at the calendar and informed the women they would start on Monday. We would start fresh on that day. She wanted the students to arrive at seven thirty each day. Julie would provide breakfast, lunch, and supper. We would work seven days a week. She told them that they are to ignore the thought that Sundays are days of rest. She stated that there would be no rest until they have completed this task. She emphasised that when the students are in university there will have no rest days for them if they wish to do well at their studies. She told the women that these students must get into proper study habits as soon as possible. She repeated herself when she again stated that there would be no time for rest and that it would be work, work and more work.

She spoke in a manner that clearly stated that there is no question that these students would be attending university. She stated that these students would be sleeping in this house if necessary. Thoughts came to my mind. "Where would they sleep? Where would I sleep? Where would she sleep?"

March 30

I had suggested to her that the easiest way to commence the project was to hypnotise them. She told me that that is out of the question. I gave her my point of view, which is that they have already been hypnotised. I stated that they had been brainwashed to believe that they are a lower form of life. I asked her if it was not true that they learned at

school that Indians don't have souls. She agreed with everything that I said but she kept on asserting that the only ethical way was to get them to come around by rational thought and to prove to them that self-hypnosis through positive affirmation works wonders. Her main argument is that if we took the easy way out and hypnotised them, the next generation would suffer. To pass on knowledge, one has to be conscious about it. That is her belief and I realise that there is no way that anyone can change her way of thinking.

Today, the students wandered in at different times. The first one arrived at seven thirty, but the last one did not arrive until ten after eight. She sat at the head of the kitchen table in silence, quietly watching until the last student arrived. If someone greeted her, she answered the greeting back but she said nothing else. It became obvious that the early arriving students were becoming agitated and nervous as we waited in silence. Occasionally, one of the students would try to say something but upon receiving no reply, that student would show embarrassment and clam up. When the last of the six was seated at the table, she motioned to Julie to serve breakfast, which consisted of scrambled eggs followed by oatmeal. After breakfast, two pots of tea were set on the table. After we had all finished our tea, she asked everyone to take their dishes and utensils to the counter for Julie to wash. All through breakfast, everyone was silent.

When we came back to the table, she asked me to get the pictures, I fetched the box of pictures, and I placed one of these framed eight and a half by eleven-inch pictures in front of each student. She asked the students to look at the picture that sat flat on the table in front of each of them. Each picture was different. Each is a landscape. One is a serene lake with mountains in the background. Another is a lake on the prairies with lush trees along the shore. One is a beach scene with rocks and cliffs along the water. These pictures are all different but to me they all invoke a quiet calmness to the viewer.

As the students looked at the pictures, some picked them up to get a better look while others leaned forward to study theirs. She asked the students to look at all of the other pictures and to pick out their favourite. She stated that the picture that they chose would be theirs to keep. She also stated that we would use these pictures throughout this course. She told them that she had other copies of all of the pictures if two chose the same picture. She suggested that we should start by first trading pictures. "If someone has your favourite, ask them if they would give it to you." People started talking and asking for pictures. After a few minutes, four of the students were satisfied that they were in possession of their favourite and two wished to have a duplicate of one that another student had. I took the two unwanted scenes away and came back with duplicates of the scenes that the students wanted.

When everyone was silent, she proceeded by asking everyone to study the picture in front of them. She asked them to think of the feelings and emotions that the scene invoked. She stated that we would discuss what our thoughts are a little later. She then passed around a little box of blank labels, straight pens, and bottles of ink. She asked each student to print his or her name on the blank label and then lick the glue to paste it onto the picture frame. She told the students that from now on, they were to label everything that she gave them with their names.

She then stated that she would go around the table and ask each student to name one person whom they truly loved and trusted. The students appeared to be confused. All of them had a questioning look on their face. After several minutes, she pointed to the first student who sat on her right. "Esther, please tell me about one person in your life who you truly love and trust." Esther was mute. After a few minutes, she asked Esther. "Esther, did you not understand my question?" Esther replied that she did not know what she meant. She then asked. "Is there anyone whom you love?" Esther looked down at the table and quietly answered in a manner that showed embarrassment as she stated that it was her kokum, her grandmother. She then asked Esther why she loved

and trusted her grandmother. It took a lot of prodding and prying but eventually Esther admitted that she trusted her grandmother because she always treated her kindly and that she never disappointed her. With further prodding Esther stated that her grandmother would always listen to her but she would never criticise her. Teacher asked Esther if her grandmother was her friend and Esther answered that she is.

All of this time, I sat in the corner watching and listening. I did not quite know what her strategy was but I took mental notes, which I am putting down in this journal. It was painstakingly slow but after what seemed an eternity, we got through the last of the six. All had similar answers. Three gave their grandmother as an example. Two their sister and one gave his brother.

As she proceeded, I correctly felt that this would be a long and agonising day as she carried on with the interrogation. She asked what each thought about various scenarios that she gave. "What if a friend of yours had promised to come to your house at nine o'clock in the morning to take a boat ride into town to do some visiting and shopping. Supposing you waited until noon and your friend neither showed up nor called. How would you feel?" Nobody answered her but she continued. "If you found out that your friend changed his mind and instead of taking you to town, he went fishing instead. How would you feel?"

After many hours of discussion, everyone agreed that in the above example, the friend could not be trusted and that it would be difficult to love someone who treated you like that. She asked the students about the people that they gave as examples of someone that they could love and trust. She asked them why they loved that person and why they trusted them. Finally, the students started to understand that love came with a price and that it could very easily die if the person that was receiving the love became untrustworthy. She stated that the need for love is so great in one's personality that it is common for someone to forgive a person more than once for his or her untrustworthiness,

especially if that person apologised and promised to do better the next time. Every student admitted that waiting for the next time that this person did not hold up to their promises would make them anxious.

After we had eaten our final meal of the day, she got around to what would be her final lesson until tomorrow. Around half past seven in the evening, she asked everyone to pick up their framed picture of a scene that was lying on the table. She asked everyone to flip this picture over. On the backside of each picture was a plain mirror. She asked everyone to look at themselves in their mirror and to state aloud. "I love and trust you." Everyone looked at her as if in shock and confusion. She looked around the table. "Did you not hear me? I asked everyone to look at themselves in the mirror and to simply state as I do." She then looked into her mirror and again stated. "I love and trust you." Not one of the students did as she had asked them. After a short while, she told them. "I am waiting." Again, nobody did what she had asked. She then went on. "Okay then, let's all do it together. Are you ready?" Once again, she looked into her mirror and stated. "I love and trust you." There was much mumbling and fidgeting but it was obvious that every student was reluctant to do what she ordered.

Finally, after many minutes of agonising prodding and insistence, Noah, while looking at his countenance in his mirror stated in a perfunctory manner, "I love and trust you." She asked Noah if he truly believed what he was saying. Noah sat with his mouth slightly open but he would not answer her question. Noticeably, there were tears in his eyes.

It took until after ten o'clock before all of the students had their turn to affirm their love and trust for themselves in their mirrors. The agony for the students was not over. She informed them that they were to do this affirmation each day. She told them that what they were doing today is the most important thing that they will learn in their lives. She also stated that this simple affirmation would eventually change their lives forever.

Note to the reader: It seems that she is being very hard on these students. Would she get away with this behaviour today? Neil MacDonald reminded me that in comparison to the abuse at residential school she was treating them with kid gloves and "Her harshness brings a positive result while residential school treatment is all detrimental."

April 2

Each day begins on a better note. Today, the last student sat down at the kitchen table before seven thirty five. Breakfast, each day goes more smoothly. I think that the students now have a better idea about what they should expect.

After breakfast, she has the students pick up their mirrors and in unison each student, as well as the rest of us in the room, look into our mirror, and make the familiar affirmation. We repeat this affirmation several times. The affirmation gets easier each time. I feel that they will eventually become habitual and flow more smoothly. She added an affirmation. "Today, along with our first affirmation, we will say, *The Æther provides each and every one of my desires.*" Do the students believe this? I don't think that any of them is questioning the fact that she believes it.

April 12

She again brought up the subject of trust. She told the students that as far as trust goes, there is only one person in the world that they could fully trust and that person is themselves. "This is because; the only person that we have any control over is ourselves." She pointed a finger at Isaac and asked him. "Do you trust yourself? Do you always do what you promise yourself?" Isaac acknowledged that he breaks promises to himself. She asked him why he would break a promise to himself. He had no answer.

She could not have been more emphatic when she told the group that they must never break a promise to themselves. “You are the only person whom you may fully trust. Make promises to yourself only after much thought and only if you fully intend to keep them.” She then added. “If you cannot trust yourself, you will not be able to trust anyone.”

I can now understand what her goal is. She knows that the most important gift one could give is love and trust. First you give it to yourself and then to others. After a week, she had each student look at their neighbouring student and say to them, “I will be here before seven thirty in the morning each and every morning. You may put your faith and trust in me.”

After that morning, there was no more tardiness. Every morning all of the students have been in their seats by seven fifteen and breakfast starts immediately at seven thirty. I now understand what she is doing. Rather than taking the easy way out and hypnotising the students, she is teaching them how to take control over their own lives.

Note to the reader: Why did I never understand this before? There IS only one person in this world that one may fully trust.

May 5

Julie now has an assistant to help her. As I stated before, we all join in on the affirmations. It is strange to watch Julie’s young female assistant. She says very little but as I observe her, I can tell that she is absorbed in what is happening around her. At first, she had a puzzled look on her face as the students made affirmations in the mirrors. On the first day, she looked at the mirror that she was holding in front of herself in a questioning manner. She repeated the affirmation as if she was committing a rather silly act. As the days passed, she got more into it. She is now the first one to pick up the mirror. After a few weeks, Julie suggested that her helper should join in on the afternoon meditation

session. Her young helper, at first, declined but after very little prodding she did join in and now she shows enthusiasm as she puts down whatever she is doing and then she sits down to join in. I noticed that she has become a clock-watcher. She knows that meditation usually begins at two o’clock and by one forty-five, she habitually shows her anticipation.

She assigned me to be the language instructor. The students are now calling me Professor. It seems rather strange but in all honesty, I like it. I have found that, for the most part, their language skills are not as bad as they appear. It is my opinion that they are in a lazy habit. They also have a desire to conform to their peer pressure. If they do speak proper English on the reserve, habitually, someone makes fun of them. I realise that peer pressure pulls at one’s emotions. This is why it can be so powerful. I am now starting to understand her strategy. She is creating a community. These six students, along with me, and everyone who works with us, are forming a new community. This community has different standards than the village and now they are receiving pressure from individuals in this group to conform to the new community standards rather than the village’s standards. In the end, it still amounts to conforming. I chuckled at this thought. It is the same habit, just a different drug. She often stated that habits cannot be easily broken but one may easily replace the habit with a new and more desirable habit. I am seeing her theory in action.

After she asked me to, I brought in a talking stick. I pass it around and I get each individual, including the staff, to hold the stick in their hands and to feel the power in it. I stated that the stick gives the holder great authority. The holder has the authority to stand up and talk, uninterrupted for as long as they so choose. I stated that even if the holder stands for four days, nobody would interrupt. Every person in the audience will stay seated and they will quietly listen. I remember my exact words. “The American Indian traditionally believes that all forms of life are equal and he shows reverence to all life. In the community,

each person is equal. They all have their say and each person's opinion is equal. Why is this? How many times has someone been laughed at for an opinion and then in the end it becomes clear that the person who has been laughed at was correct all along? This has happened many times. This is why, in the talking circle there is no criticism and no explanations. We only listen to what a person says. Anyone who has a comment to make must wait for his or her turn to talk. When they do talk, they will not direct their comments towards any individual. For example, if Joe says that the moon is green, I will not contradict Joe. I may rise and declare that I believe that the moon is purple. Who is correct? We don't know. We just state our opinion. We just state how we see things. Who knows, we are all subject to change our minds. Our goal is not to put someone in the position where it may be difficult for him to save face. When we give explanations as to why we may think a certain way, we are giving an argument, and we may convince others to our way of thought. The only way that we may ascertain if others agree with us is to listen to what they say when it is their turn to talk. In this way, we come to understand why they think a certain way and in return, they will come to understand why we think a certain way. It is a way for us to walk in each other's moccasins and to find out which moccasins are the most comfortable for us."

May 10

One of my assignments is for each student to prepare a three-minute speech that they are to give at the village's talking session. I realised that it would take weeks for the students to prepare their talk. For each of them, picking a topic proved quite difficult. A strange thing happened to prod the students on. Julie's young helper asked if I would allow her to prepare a talk. Without consultation, I blurted out that we would be happy to have her participate. The next morning, before the others arrived, she handed me her hand printed speech. I almost cried when I saw it. From looking at the way she printed her letters, it looked

like an eight-year-old child had written it. I told her that I would look it over and get back to her.

I showed it to my friend and lover. "How old would she be?" I asked. She answered that by her appearance, she would say that she could be between twelve and thirteen, possibly younger. I then informed her of what I wanted. "I would like her to join the class. She is seriously uneducated but she has enthusiasm. I think that she will be nothing but a positive influence on the class." She asked me to give her some time to think this over. She told me about this girl. Her uncle and aunt, who had kidnapped her from school, had been educating this young girl at their secluded cabin deep in the bush. She had attended school for a little more than two years. She only came back to the village when her uncle died and her aunt felt that she was unable to take care for her. She now depended on relatives for support. My friend admitted that there was the danger that the authorities could take her back to residential school. I stressed the fact that it would be safer for her if we kept her off the reserve until she was an adult. I suggested that I would vacate my bedroom and allow her to stay with us. "And where would you sleep?" She blurted out. I could see what she meant. We had to put on an appearance of morality for the sake of the students. Without thinking, I blurted out. "We will move the folding cot into your bedroom. She will sleep there." She gave me a quizzical look. I knew what she was mentally telling me. "That is the end of your sex life." I did not have to think. I knew what was more important to me. I told her that I would move the cot.

When I told Julie's young helper about my plan, tears trickled from the corners of her eyes. "Are you unhappy?" I inquired. She smiled and shook her head that she was not.

May 12

She announced that she and I needed to go to Winnipeg so there would be no school this week. Classes are to resume on Monday, May 17. In addition, she stated that after this there would be no more days off until Christmas. The students asked her why we should celebrate white Christian holidays. She simply stated, "Because we choose to." She left it at that.

May 17

Julie's helper was given the name *Spotted Fawn* in her Native tongue. We don't know if she ever had an English name. She asked us if she could pick out a name for herself. We asked her what name she had in mind. "Olivia" she said, "I want to be called Olivia." We agreed and from now on, we will call her Olivia. Personally, I wondered why she chose this name. There is no other Olivia in the village. Maybe that is why she chose that name, because she would be different from the others. Did she go to movies, I wondered. The only Olivia that I could think of was Olivia de Havilland. Soon after, when Olivia and I were by ourselves I asked her why she picked the name Olivia. She simply stated that she liked the sound of it and because it was not from the bible. I left it at that.

Teacher and I took Olivia to Winnipeg with us for almost a week. I do believe that she has mentally adopted this young girl. Perhaps it is her *Motherly Instinct* coming out. I would never mention this to her. I know that it could bring up unhappy memories.

She took Olivia to the hairdressers and then into the department stores to buy clothes. Later I questioned the amount of clothing that she was buying for her. I took her aside and suggested that the other students may not take too kindly to this special treatment. She told me to mind my own business. I am afraid that my nose is a little out of joint.

Maybe she is right. I cannot believe the change in Olivia since we came back from our little escapade into Winnipeg. She seems more grown up and more mature. In addition, she has more confidence. It is hard to believe but I am certain that her spine has straightened and I am positive that she stands two inches taller.

It is not only Olivia, but I am amazed at the progress that all of these students have made. We had a very slow start and at first and I was very sceptical.

June 2

We received a number of juvenile exercise books that she had ordered. Although the students are, by their chronological age, young adults, she seemed to be treating them like little children. The first exercise books that she handed out were to practise printing numbers and letters of the alphabet. I protested but she assured me that she knew what she was doing. "We must go back to the beginning. If they don't master the basics, they will never progress."

Maybe she is right. I recall the first day when she explained to them the Chinese method of learning. "Do you know what Tai Chi is?" she asked. It was understandable that none of them did. She went on to explain that the theory behind this Chinese method is to master the tiny details of doing something before one is to move on. She explained that in the Chinese method one would begin doing a task very methodically and very slowly. As one becomes more adept at the task, they are to increase their speed incrementally. The theory with this practice is that one begins doing a task very slowly and does not increase their speed until they feel that they are doing the task in a perfect manner. As speed increases, the quality of the task remains the same. Therefore, in the end, one may accomplish a task not only quickly but also perfectly.

She looked over her students and stated. "What we will do is to open our books and start with the letter "C". Look at the letter "C". See how it looks on the page. Pick up your pencil and without touching the lead to the paper, you are to trace the letter in the direction shown. She then told them that only after they are satisfied that they are tracing the letter properly that they are to place their lead onto the paper and actually trace the letter in the direction as shown. She told them to do the rest of the letters, one at a time.

She demonstrated on the small blackboard that we had screwed to the kitchen wall. Without touching the chalk to the board, she very slowly traced the letter "C" that was on the board. First, she drew a small circle and then a straight line on the right side of it. "The secret is," she stated, "is to do this as slowly and deliberately as you possibly can. This way you have embedded the actions permanently in your brain. The reason that you do it slowly is to ensure that all of your movements are correct. This ensures that your brain only remembers correct actions. If you begin doing it quickly, you are liable to make mistakes. Your brain will remember these mistakes and then, in the future; it will be with great difficulty that you will be able to correct these mistakes."

What she said seemed to make perfect sense but I knew that I would resent her treating me as a child and I told her that she was treating them as if they were all five years old. She would not listen to me and she carried right on.

The next day we went to the letter "b" and then a day later to the letter "C". It took almost a month to work our way through the entire alphabet. We did manage to master the numbers at the same time.

She used the same methodology for reading. She started with the Grade 1, *Dick and Dora* series of books. I remembered them from my schooldays. Again, I told her that I felt that she was treating them too much like little children. She told me to mind my own business. It did seem ludicrous to watch one boy who was taller and broader than I am

slowly reading from one of the books. Today I am eating crow. I should have known better than to argue with her. I have never known her to be wrong. I have made an affirmation in front of the mirror that I shall never again argue with her.

She has given me another assignment. While in Winnipeg, she picked out a collection of books on many different subjects. Besides *Lamb's Shakespeare*, she picked out books on biology, zoology, geology, mineralogy, geography and a large collection of assorted fiction. She tells me which books she has chosen for that day's reading sessions. We have morning, afternoon and evening reading sessions. My job is to read from a different book on a different subject for each session on that day. The next morning, I would continue where I left off in the morning book and do the same for the afternoon and evening books. She explained that I must read with great enthusiasm and with as much animation and feeling as I can muster up. I must pause to make explanations. I must invite questions. I must ask the students questions etc. I can see what she is doing. She is trying to instil a natural desire to read and to learn into these students. In addition, she is trying to make learning fun. She knows that with my animation and enthusiasm, they will learn a lot more than they would by reading on their own. In addition, with their poor reading skills, reading some of these books would be a great struggle.

I am becoming astonished at the progress that these students are making. I reminisce to the early days when we first discussed this idea of educating six young adults. At the time, she looked me straight in the eye when I asked her if she did not think that this was not an impossible dream. "I will tell you a story. Are you familiar with Helen Keller?" She bluntly asked. I answered that I knew of her. "Helen Keller is both deaf and blind yet she gets up in front of huge crowds and gives the most inspirational talks. Do you know how many deaf and blind people there are in North America?" When I did not give her an answer, she went on with her diatribe. "There are thousands of them.

Most of them are in institutions. Do you ever wonder why they are in institutions and not carrying on with their lives like Helen Keller?" I shook my head. "It is because they don't have an Anne Sullivan on their side." I confessed that I did not know who Anne Sullivan was. She looked cross and shocked as she gave me a sidelong stare. "Anne Sullivan is her teacher. Without a dedicated teacher, Helen Keller would be living in an institution just like thousands of other deaf and blind people."

Last night as I meditated, I pictured my students getting up and speaking to the village. Each talk would be just three minutes or less, but to me, I knew that it would be a long three minutes. I tell myself that they will do just fine, but I still have a tendency to worry. They are to practise their speech while imagining that they are looking around and envisioning each and everyone who will be in the crowd. I am certain that my concerns have no justification.

This morning when I entered the kitchen she was writing on the blackboard. When she finished, she placed the chalk on the ledge and informed me that since we had finished *Tom Sawyer* yesterday, we would begin a new work of fiction today. She then asked me if I knew what work of fiction we would begin today. I looked at what she had printed on the board. *Deprived of meaningful work, men and women lose their reason for existence; they go stark, raving mad.* Further down was printed. *Fyodor Dostoyevsky*

Crime and Punishment, I announced. She just smiled and under her breath stated, "Very good." I know that this one phrase would bring out many emotions in our little group. I know that we are about to open up a big, complex issue.

June 13

It was a warm day, even for June. I knew that the hall would be full.

The students were well prepared. Each one had written and practised their speech inside as well as outside of our group. We encouraged them to give their talk, when they were alone, to an imaginary audience as they stood in front of a full mirror. This way they could watch and evaluate the effectiveness of their motions and gestures.

People moved into the hall and took their seats on the circle of benches. One does not need to stand as they speak but our students did. The whole proceeding was orderly and silent.

Standing up in the crowd, Olivia looked like a child. Being quite short and fine featured she has a youthful appearance. I eyed her closely. She looked shy and awkward, blushing easily and she seemed to fade into the background.

I love to encourage the young. I love to see them grow, and learn from their own experiences. As I sat in my seat and watched Olivia, I thought that she is having the type of experience that all young people should have. I remembered my first experiences at speaking before a crowd and I remembered how my abilities and confidence grew the more I spoke in public.

The meeting proceeded just the same as dozens of other meetings. I watched each student stand up and begin talking. They would begin awkwardly and pick up the pace. Some would forget where they were and most referred to their written words. Although the room was quiet, some students spoke so softly that those furthest from the speaker were noticeably straining their ears to hear.

Olivia was last to speak. When she stood up, she grasped the stick and held it in her hands. She gazed around the room to look directly at each member of the audience. She then began to speak. I sat in disbelief.

From this tiny frame bellowed a huge voice. It echoed through the hall. At just the right points, she paused while she surveyed the audience. She seemed to grow in stature and she had such poise and such calmness. After each pause, this powerful voice flowed effortlessly from her little mouth. There were hand gestures, intonations in voice and more pauses in the crucial places. She did everything just right.

I know that I shall remember and ponder that day for many years to come. "People are opposite to what they are in real life." I have read this quote often and I have seen evidence of it many times. I remember the big corporation president who rules with an iron hand while secretly chewing his ulcer pills and having crying spells in his therapist's office. I remember the Boy Scout leader who received the good humanitarian award while he was secretly abusing little boys and I remember the Rhodes Scholar plagiarising an essay.

Is it possible to make a second copy of the recording of her speech? I don't want to lose it.

June 14 - Transcription of Olivia's Speech

Imagine the following.

Imagine going into an expensive area in Canada. Imagine taking twenty, thirty, or even one hundred families from this neighbourhood. We choose families of different colours, races, ethnic backgrounds, and religions. We should have a good mix of different people.

We take these families to a remote area in the bush that is isolated. We tell these people that they have boundaries that they must not cross. We show them our rifles and tell them that we will shoot anyone who crosses a boundary and we place guards around all of the boundaries.

What does this group look like after a week, after a month, after a year and after several generations?

Please look over the pictures that I have circulating about the room. Do you see the difference in the pigs in these pictures?

In Arkansas an accidental experiment occurred. A family in a small community bought two dozen young pigs. In the first picture, you see the young weanlings. They are cute little pink and cuddly piglets playing with the children. The owners let these piglets roam free. They wandered throughout the bush behind the family's dwelling. At first, the pigs concentrated close to the dwelling since the children fed and coddled them.

As the pigs grew up and started to breed, they sought out places of seclusion in the bush away from any people. The next picture shows a boar after several generations of the pigs living in the bush. Look at how the pigs changed. The boar is very dark, his hair is thick and quite long, and he has tusks that would frighten any man.

Is this what has happened to us, the Indians in Canada and in the United States of America?

Five hundred years ago, there were millions of people living in North America. There were more than two thousand tribes. Each tribe had its own distinctive dialect. Some tribes were white skinned with blonde hair. Other tribes were brown and in a few cases, the people had black skin with curly dark hair just like the people that we may see in Africa. Even today, we can find carvings of these black people in what is now Mexico.

Over the centuries, the native people of North America were enslaved and slaughtered. The authorities banished any remaining Indians to concentration camps that they call reservations. The Trail of Tears is one legend that has survived over the years. Generations of Indians have passed this legend to their descendents. This legend tells about Andrew Jackson and his troops forcibly and against orders from the United States Supreme Court, removing Indians from their dwellings and herding them into Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma.

In Canada, it was common that Indians were forced deep into the bush, far from civilisation. The Indians who were accustomed to living in settlements with gardens and domesticated animals now had to fend for themselves in the bush. For the white man, the Indian was out of sight and out of mind. Except for a few crumbs of welfare, these people managed to fend for themselves in the bush and to eat what the bush provided. Over generations, did a change come over these people just as a change came over the pigs?

If the Europeans had never conquered this land and they had left us to prosper in our settlements, what would we look like today?

In Ireland, Wales, or Scotland, one will find the same saddened and disillusioned people that one will find on a Canadian Indian reservation. The English conquered the original inhabitants of these countries and the English confiscated their lands. They forced the inhabitants to work as tenants on what was formerly their own land. The English Monarch would give thousands of acres of confiscated land to a faithful subject along with a royal title. The English banished thousands of the original inhabitants to distant colonies and sold them as slaves throughout the world. The English did this with the Irish, Scottish, and Welsh as well with the Indians in the Americas.

I am telling you today that fighting our conqueror is not the answer. The Irish have given us many examples of peoples who have become educated and have prospered. Indeed, there are many examples of our people who have left the reserves to be educated and they too in many instances have prospered in the white man's world.

Unfortunately, the only way that we are to be able to live on our traditional lands is to buy them back. Today, we are not allowed to own land. That will change. We will make it change.

We have to pay the price and the only way that we will be able to pay the price is to play their game. We must become educated and

learn how to prosper under their rules. Through education, we will become successful.

Note to the reader: This is the end of the journal. The following explains how the second journal came into my possession and what is in that journal.

I Find the Second Journal

I have found more journals by the same hand plus various other letters, stories and printed information. I have not had the time to read everything. The first entry in this second journal is December 15. I wonder if there is another journal between these two since there is a long time gap. I have not come across it. However, I find that I am able to transition nicely from the first journal and I do not feel that I am missing the flow of the story.

The turret in my house has only three small windows and even in the sunshine, the spiral staircase is always in the dark. With the aid of a flashlight, I was descending this staircase. It was a cold, windy and rainy day. I decided to take the tunnel to the carriage house. As I came to the bottom of the staircase, my flashlight shone against the back wall of the turret. I noticed a glint of light reflecting back at me. I crouched down to get a better view of the shiny object that my light revealed. The object was a nickel-plated latch on an old steamer trunk. Since the trunk sat on the floor behind the stairs, I could see no way of getting to it. In addition, I wondered how anyone had managed to get the trunk behind the stairs. I shone the flashlight around the walls of the turret. I then noticed a small door. Looking around the outside of the turret, I discovered the other side

of this door. Opening this door, I reached in and grabbed the handle on the end of the trunk. I gave it a good pull. The trunk was heavy which made it difficult for me to pull it out into the open tunnel area but after several strenuous tugs, I finally managed to extricate it.

The trunk was unlocked. I cautiously opened the lid, revealing books, clothing, and various other items. I immediately noticed a similar journal. As soon as I opened this book, I saw that it was a companion to the first journal.

1948 - December 15

She gave the students a homework assignment. We are to take a Christmas break and she wants the students to contemplate the seven deadly sins over the next month. They are to write an essay on them. She gave the students a full reign. She did not care if the students praised or were critical of these human attributes as long as they gave some proof to substantiate their statements. She did ask them to give examples that showed how these attributes could make a difference in one's life. They were to hand in their assignments on Monday, December 6.

None of the group was familiar with the traditional seven deadly sins. They imagined them to be similar to the Ten Commandments that they had learned in catechism. She wrote the list on the chalkboard, Avarice, Wrath, Gluttony, Envy, Lechery, Pride, and Sloth.

She described how these seven sins originated in ancient times, many years before our modern religions. Originally, this was a list of personal acts that one was advised to avoid. The idea of sin came later. The ancient goals in life had nothing to do with gaining possessions but had everything to do with one's well-being, both mentally and physically.

She described how people often claim that the virtue opposite to lust is abstinence. She stated that the ancients looked upon abstinence with

as much disdain as lust. They recommended moderation. The ancients' recommendation was to; *Sample everything but everything in moderation*. She then went on to explain what her definition of lust is. She stated that lust, to the ancients, was an intense desire. She explained that today, we usually see lust as excessive sexual cravings; however the word was originally a general term for excessive desire and therefore, to translate from the original documents, the word lust should be replaced with the word avarice as she has done on her list.

On the surface, her assignment seemed quite simple and straightforward. When the students started into it, they realised that it was not as simple as it seemed. Avoiding the seven deadly sins is no different than trying to live a life close to the natural laws of the Universe.

1949 - January 27

Much has happened since I last wrote in my journal. My mind is still spinning and I can feel my heart pounding. I am sure that it is the extreme anxiety. It seems to have little effect on my friend and lover.

On December 18, I found her pacing the kitchen floor. I could see that she was extremely agitated. She did not give me time to ask before she immediately went into an agitated diatribe. An informant told her that the police would be here. Some person had reported that we were holding minors from the reservation in our house in order to indoctrinate them into our religious cult. Upon seeing me, she immediately blurted out, "There is only one thing to do. We must disappear. How do we get to Winnipeg in a hurry?"

I calmed her down and told her to lie down for a few minutes. I told her that I would look after things. After asking around, I found out that there was a Bombardier available to take us to the highway. We needed to take three trips to transfer everyone to where we could catch the bus. I checked the bus schedule and found out that a bus from

Brandon would pass us on the highway at approximately five thirty the next morning.

I immediately went to Martha's house and told her what was happening. I stated that she and the other women had worked so hard to get this school program going that it would be a shame if it all ended. I told her to round up all of the students and to get them over to my house as soon as possible. I told her that each student is to pack a bag for a prolonged vacation.

I had no idea what our game plan would be once we arrived in Winnipeg, but I did know that idly sitting around would only make matters worse. If they arrested us, who knows what charges they could trump up. After all, we are dealing with Indians who, in Canada, have no rights.

Before I left Martha, I told her that we would be going away and I reminded her that nobody is to know our whereabouts. "Walls have ears and I think that it is best if nobody knows where we are going." In addition, I added. "Not even you; you won't even know what our final destination is." Her answer was that that was okay since she did not wish for the responsibility of keeping a secret. I reminded her to tell everyone to pack enough belongings in preparation of a long stay.

It was a bit of a panic situation. We had no idea what we should take with us and we had no idea of where we were going. Somehow, we all managed to get things together. The last Bombardier load arrived at the highway just before the bus came.

As we were finding our seats and settling down on the bus, she paid the driver for our tickets to Winnipeg. We would be getting off at the bus station next door to Eaton's mail order. She whispered to me as we pulled away, "I think that it is best that nobody knows where our final destination is until we arrive there." I agreed.

It was early morning when we arrived at the bus depot in Winnipeg. From the bus, we walked a block over to Portage Avenue where we got onto a streetcar, which took us down Academy Road. We got off close enough to walk to Dr. M's house.

We are certain that nobody knows that we are in this house. She contacted Dr. M's attorney who stated that we should allow absolutely nobody to come on to the property unless there is a search warrant. He also has assured us that we are such small potatoes that unless there is a legitimate complaint, nobody will even bother with us. "Just hang tight." were his words. We are all greatly relieved and we have made the decision to continue classes.

She told me that if someone were in search of a sanctuary, her advice would be to seek it at Dr. M's house even before one goes to a church. She stated that Dr. M is not only wealthy but he has a lot of influence. She assured me that as long as we stay here, nobody would bother us. So far, she has proved herself right.

One thing that we are all glad about is the fact that Julie has come with us. She is doing all of the shopping and all of the cooking. The house is big enough for everyone to feel quite fortunate and even spoiled to a degree. What a novelty for the girls to have several bathrooms in the house. It took them a while to get used to the idea of having a shower. Most of them did not know what a shower is. They now shower on a daily basis. When she sent a note to Dr. M expressing our deepest appreciation, she told me that he replied giving only one recommendation. It was just three words. "Imagine And Think." She showed me this note.

February 15

It never ceases to amaze me that she has so many friends and acquaintances. Last night a man from Southern Ontario came to the door. He gave his name as Albert. In my presence, he had a lengthy discussion

with her about communal living. This man stated that he has spent the last five years on a colony in Pennsylvania. They discussed how the Indians of the Americas traditionally lived a communal way of life. He asked, "Why is the government now leaving these religious colonies alone while they are still persecuting the Indian? Why do they not allow the Indian to live a communal life as they allow these religious communities? What has changed for these people in these communes that has not changed for the Indian?"

Here in Canada, he stated that religious communal colonies have no more than twelve or fourteen families. Once they start to become larger, some of the families leave and form another colony. In this way, he believes that they never become large enough to be a threat to the authorities. Could this strategy be acceptable for the Indian? The two of them bantered back and forth all evening but they came to no conclusions. They noted that with the laws that are currently in place, the government does not allow Indians to own land. This is a huge obstacle blocking the formation of any communes.

Communal living has always worked for the American Indian. It is in their blood and it is part of their traditional beliefs. Is there a way for them to bring back true communal living? Whenever the Indians tried to create a commune on reserves, the authorities have intervened. East Selkirk, as an example, was a prosperous Indian farming community and even though the government acknowledges that, the East Selkirk Indians helped many settlers and they saved the lives of many immigrants, the government forcibly moved them off their traditional farming land to unproductive land further north. Possibly, in the minds of the people in authority the Indians were becoming too successful and too powerful.

The American Indian tribes successfully led a communal way of life for thousands of years. The Canadian authorities as well as the authorities south of the border have continually persecuted not only the American Indian but also any group who tried to practise a communal way of

life. Why are the authorities so afraid of communes and communism? Are they afraid that as these communes grow and prosper they may become more independent and powerful, in the end, they could possibly form a state within a state. Have the governing authorities based every decision on fear, greed, and power?

February 17

Mary Sutherland, along with her ten-year-old granddaughter, showed up at our door this morning. If we thought, that we had kept our whereabouts a secret we now realised that we were wrong. Mary was evasive as to how she found out where we are living. She soon came to the point about why she came to see us.

"I wish my granddaughter to go to school with you." Those were the first words out of her mouth as she entered the house. I suggested that we all sit down to tea. Teacher had many questions for the grandmother but in the end, she agreed that we would accept her little granddaughter, Ruby.

The grandmother immediately jumped up and while she was hurrying off she shouted, "I'll fetch Ruby and the suitcase from the porch."

I acknowledge that we have enough room. Are we not opening ourselves up to becoming a full time school? Should we not be concerned about this? Teacher does not seem to mind. What else does she have to her life? She still has a relationship with me but our sex life is non-existent. Maybe her maternal instincts are controlling her actions. I do have to admit that as our current students go into college, we may run out of work to do and I also must admit that since we got ourselves into this predicament it has given me some meaning to life, which was not there before.

March 15

Word has gotten around and we now have twenty-two students in our small school. If it was not for the older students tutoring the young ones, I don't know how we would do it.

Has life been good? I can truthfully say that I have no complaints, despite the fact that yes, I sometimes wish that I could have a little more time by myself and time to be alone with her. I realise that everything has a price and if I was not committed to our project, I don't think that I would have the same contentment that I have today. The one thing that I do have to admit though is that, because of the generosity of Dr. M as well as my lover and friend, life is so much better without money worries. We have a comfortable house, plenty of good food and warm beds. What more could we ask for? As the number of students increases and I voice my concerns about money, she continually replies that there is plenty of money and I need not worry about it. Who is footing the bill? Is she or is it Dr. M? I know that she has this legacy from her parents that she refers to as blood money. Possibly, they are both helping. She has often said to me that, "You can't take it with you." As well as, "Money is like manure. It does no one any good unless you spread it around." I have resolved to leave money matters in her hand. I am busy enough planning lessons and teaching classes.

At breakfast, young Mary related her dream to us. "It was so real. I was walking along the street where we walked a few evenings ago. It was a lovely, early summer day with the sun shining amongst the trees. Rather than the open field that we saw, there were flowers and lovely green grass along walkways. People were coming and going. Many had books in their arms. They all looked happy. They were smiling while they chatted to one another. They walked as if they had places to go and things to do. As I approached this scene, I saw a stone portico consisting of two pillars and an arch across the top of them. I looked up, on the left pillar there was one word *Think*, and on the right pillar again just one word *Imagine*. Isn't that a strange dream?" As she related her

dream, I had a strange premonition that I would be a teacher for the rest of my days.

We are celebrating. United College is admitting Simon. The registrar was enthusiastic. He informed us how well Simon had done on the entrance exams. She is not surprised about Simon's success. She simply stated, "We all have the ability. We just need to develop our confidence and self-discipline."

Should we inform people on the reserve about Simon's success? It is a double edge sword. Would there be animosity and resentment if we did or would there be only happiness and well wishes? We have decided to wait until Olivia is an adult before we make any announcements. Maybe their successes will inspire others.

Note to the reader: This is the end of the diary in the journal. I wonder why he stopped his diary and then, in the remainder of the journal, wrote what appears to be a novel. It is not a sequel to the diary but, it is related. We get to meet Dr. M in person. The title of this manuscript is Victim No More. I am planning to publish it in the near future.

